Newport Mercury

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758.

VOLUME CXLIII.---NO. 49. NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 18, 1901. WHOLE NUMBER 8,073.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALBONE LODGE No. 93, N. E. O. P., William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardiner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings of each month.

HORWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., James F. Beaumont, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meet every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett L. Horton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 7677, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Packer Clerk. Meets 2nd and last Tuesday evenings of each month

Local Matters.

Damaged by Fire.

Mrs. Catherine Campbell will have to put another new shingle roof to her property on West Broadway at the corner of Collins Street, although the present roof has been on but a few days. Fire was discovered in this building a few minutes after five o'clock Thursday afternoon and the emergency company responded to a still alarm. They were unable to cope with the flames however and an alarm was struck from Box 23 at 5:30. The department responded promptly and after considerable hard work amid dense smoke succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

The fire was caused by an overheated stove in the tenement occupied by John Campbell. The flames communicated with the wood work and worked their way into the partitions where it was difficult to reach them. The damage was mostly to the second and third floor and to the roof. The lower floor, which was fitted up for a store but was unoccupied was not seriously damaged.

The loss will amount to a few hundred dollars, fully covered by insurance.

The special naval board which met in this city recently to examine into the merits of wireless telegraphy evidently finds much in the discovery, or invention, to commend, as it has recommended that wireless telegraphy be adopted by the navy, that the use of homing pigeons be discontinued and that pending such action no new pigeon cotes be established. No special system of wireless telegraphy is recommended.

The wedding of Miss Anne Urquhart Potter, daughter of Mr. James Brown Potter, to Mr. James Alexander Stillman will take place in Grace Church, New York, at 4 o'clock, Monday, June 3. Bishop Henry C. Potter, uncle of the bride, and Rev. Dr. William R. Hunter, rector of the church, will officiate. The surpliced choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. J. Morris Helfenstein, the organist, will render an laborate choral service.

Mount Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church has been observing its 25th anniversary this week. A largely attended celebration service was held at the church Tuesday evening, at which the pastor, Rev. Israel Derricks, delivered an address on "False Friends and Friendly Enemies."

The naval apprentice boys at the Training Station are rapidly approaching a state of military efficiency. On Tuesday the second weekly field drill of the season was held and terminated in a sham battle in which the boys conducted themselves with credit.

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer entertained the members of Nina Circle of King's Daughters and their friends at her home on Halidon Hill Tuesday evening. Games, music and dancing were enjoyed by all present and a supper was served.

The twenty-sixth United States infantry was mustered out of service at the Presidio, San Francisco, Monday, and the officers and men departed for their homes. Captain A. A. Barker is expected to arrive next week.

New Administration Building.

Island Cemetery Company Will Have a Handsome and Commodious Structure at the Entrance to its Grounds.

For seventeen years Col. Andrew K. McMahon, the very efficient superintendent of the Island Cemetery, has occupied temporary quarters in a small wooden structure on the grounds of the corporation and the building has been considered an administration building. At last, however, he is to secure new and handsome quarters in an elaborate new building which will not only tend to promote the comfort and convenience of himself and his corps of assistants but will also be a great convenience for the many who have occasion to visit the cemetery. There are at present no conveniences for those who come on from New York or other cities to attend funeral services at the cemetery, but when the new building is completed every convenience will be at hand for the use of such visitors as well as for the residents of this city.

During the early spring months, when work at the cemetery has been slack, Col. McMahon has had men at work excavating for the foundations for the new building. At the right of the main entrance to the grounds freshly turned earth gives evidence of the work that has been done on the spot where the building will stand. This part of the preliminary work has now been completed, so that everything is ready for the builder to begin.

Just within the entrance, where it will be in full view from the street, will be erected a handsome story and a half structure of pressed red brick. An arch with trimmings of white ornamental brick will mark the front entrance. The beauty of design will be further accentuated by a tower built of brick with white or gray trimmings which will terminate in a spire and within which will be a clock, the face of which can be seen from all parts of the grounds and for a considerable distance outside.

Within, the arrangements will be such as will best serve to accommodate the employees and visitors, while the scheme lends itself readily to beautiful ornamentation. On one side will be the waiting rooms for the use of visitors to the grounds. One room will be for ladies and another for gentlemen and each will be equipped with modern lavatories, etc. These are conveniences that will be especially appreciated by persons who come here from away, many of whom come directly to the cemetery and leave without desiring to visit any other place about the city.

Superintendent McMahon will have a convenient private office equipped in a thoroughly up to date manner. These rooms will occupy the first floor and will have ample floor space, the dimensions of the building being 26 by 36 feet. A dry concreted cellar will be used for tools and appliances for the workmen and the upper story will be used for store rooms. The interior will be finished in hard wood, and will be comfortably furnished.

Work will be begun Monday morning and the building will be completed and ready for occupancy by Fall if the contractor carries out the wishes of the superintendent.

Bids were called for some days ago for the construction of the building and the contract was signed last Saturday. There were four bidders and the lowest price was offered by a young man who may perhaps satisfy all the requirements of the owners.

Among those to lead the exodus to Newport is Miss Ethel Wright, the young English artist whose "Song of Ages" at the exhibition of the Society of American artists has attracted so much attention, and who has painted the portraits of many New York fashionables during the past winter, Mrs. George Gould, Mr. James B. Townsend, Mr. P. F. Collier, and the daughter of Mrs. Charles H. Marshall, among others. Miss Wright's studio at Newport is at 55 Bellevue avenue, near the Casino.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, one of the greatest of the remaining generals of the Civil War, is to be elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at its next National Encampment to be held in Cleveland in September. No better choice could be made.

Mr. Frank H. Cranston, who died in Providence on Tuesday, was a son of the late Joseph E. Cranston of this city and a nephew of Mr. William S. Cranston of this city. The body was brought to Newport for interment.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., will take possession of "Beaulieu" next week.

Rev. and Mrs. Roderick Terry and family will arrive for the season on Saturday.

"Scavenge," the residence of Commodore Gerry, is being made ready for occupancy.

Mrs. John Nicholas Brown will summer abroad.

Rose and Strawberry Show.

The Newport Horticultural Society will as usual hold two exhibitions this year, one, the Rose and Strawberry Show, on June 25 and 26, and the other, the Chrysanthemum Show, on November 5, 6, and 7. Both exhibitions will be in Masonic Hall.

The Rose and Strawberry Exhibition will open at 2 p. m. on Tuesday and at 9 a. m. on Wednesday. Entries must be in on or before Friday, June 21, and exhibits must be staged by noon on June 25. All plants and flowers entered for competition must have been grown by exhibitor, and in his possession three month, except such material as is used in making up baskets or other designs, and exhibitors are expected to keep their flowers in fresh condition during the show. After the awards are made, contributors may attach their names to the exhibits which shall have been entered and staged by letters and numbers. No competitor is allowed to receive more than one premium in each class in which he competes.

The schedule of premiums for the June show is a generous one and besides the regular premium list a number of special prizes and gratuities are offered. Among the special prizes are the following:

Class 39. Mrs. Burke-Roche will offer a Silver Cup, value $25, as first, and the Society will give $15 as second, and $10 as third prize, for the best group of Palms and Foliage Plants arranged for effect to cover a space not exceeding 100 square feet.

Class 40. Mrs. Burke-Roche will offer a Silver Cup, value $25, as first, and the Society will give $10 as second, and $5 as third prize, for the best 100 Roses in not less than 4 varieties, to be limited to the private gardeners of Newport.

Class 41. Messrs. G. A. Weaver Co. will give $6 as first, and $4 as second prize (in value), for the best collection of Vegetables grown from their seeds.

Class 42. The Society of American Florists will offer one Silver and one Bronze Medal, for new and meritorious plants or flowers of American origin, it being stipulated, however, that said medals shall only be awarded to such exhibits as are considered worthy of such an award.

The annual exhibitions by the Newport Horticultural Society have always been popular both with exhibitors and spectators and the two exhibitions of this year will probably prove no exception to this rule.

Newport Naval Classes.

A number of naval officers have already received orders to report at the War College and Torpedo Station here to form the classes for summer instructions. Among those who have received orders are the following:

War College—Rear Admiral Edwin M. Shepard, Captains Colby M. Chester, Philip H. Cooper, Joseph B. Coghlan, George F. F. Wilde, Samuel W. Very, Theodore F. Jewell and Robert M. Berry; Commanders Clifford H. West Duncan Kennedy, G. P. Colvocoresses, Walton Goodwin, Albion V. Wadhams, Arthur B. Speyers, John A. H. Nickels and Leavitt C. Logan; Lieutenant Commanders DeWitt Coffman, Austin M. Knight, Charles Laird, Edmund B. Underwood and Charles E. Fox.

Torpedo Station—Lieutenants George C. Davison, William W. Bush and Alexander S. Halstead; Lieutenants (junior grade) Joseph M. Reeves, Emory Winship, John P. J. Ryan, Emmet R. Pollock and Edwin H. de Largy, and Ensign Earl P. Jessop.

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer entertained her Sunday school class and their friends at her residence on Halidon Hill on Monday evening last and a very pleasant time was had. Songs were rendered by Mr. A. H. Swan and Mr. Frank Albro, and dancing to the music of the Harry K. Howard orchestra was greatly enjoyed. The greater part of the evening was given to games and many handsome souvenirs were received by those present. There are twenty-five members in this class and each member invited one friend, which made a happy gathering. During the evening Mrs. Spencer was presented with a handsome bouquet of pink roses and pink carnations, tied with pink ribbon, by the members of the class. As the merry party were about to leave for their homes they gave three cheers for their hostess and the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne," to which all joined heartily in singing. It was indeed an occasion which will long be remembered.

The flag on the Odd Fellows building is at half staff out of respect to the memory of David Martin Van Buren Carr, who died in New York. Mr. Carr was a member of Rhode Island Lodge, having joined in 1869. Mr. Carr was a son of the late David King Carr of this city and married a daughter of the late J. Appleby Williams who was the leading portrait photographer of the city twenty years ago.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Charles A. Manchester, Jr., of Providence, formerly of this city, to Miss Maud Leonhard, of Providence.

The first trial spin of the Constitution is expected to take place today.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held Monday evening, Chairman Barker presiding. The records of previous meetings were read and approved and Superintendent Lull read his report, which called attention to the improvement in the matter of tardiness, but feared that possibly the absences might be increased. The report referred to the evening schools as follows:

"The evening elementary schools closed Friday, March 23, with the following record: Number of sessions, 59; total enrolment, 94 men and 33 women; largest attendance, 35 men and 23 women; smallest attendance, 5 men and 2 women; average attendance, 17 men and 11 women; average number of teachers, 1.6. The evening drawing and the evening bookkeeping schools closed Friday, April 5. The report for the evening drawing is: One teacher; number of sessions, 37; total enrolment, 33; largest attendance, 19; smallest attendance, 2; average attendance, 8.6."

The report dwelt at some length on the matter of outside reading for the pupils, and also suggested improvements to the schools yards not already in good condition.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following from March 11 to May 12:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 403; number found to be truants, 39; number out for illness and other causes, 351; number found not attending school, 16; number sent to public schools, 12, number sent to Catholic schools, 4.

March 29, one boy was committed to the Sockanosset School, for two years, for habitual truancy.

I recommend that Henry J. McGee, Frank E. Gilman and John Masser, who are habitual truants, be prosecuted according to law.

The suggestion that an instructor of physical culture be engaged for the school department provoked a discussion, and it was finally voted to adopt a system of physical culture, the matter of an instructor being referred to the committee on teachers.

Petitions were received from the graduating classes of the Rogers High School and of the First Grammar School, asking that the usual graduating essays prepared by the members be replaced by addresses by prominent persons. The request was granted with certain restrictions.

Board of Trade.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trade was held in the Mercury Building Tuesday evening, President George E. Vernon presiding. The attendance was not large. A number of matters relating to the interests of the city were informally discussed, among them the matter of holding a fete day this summer. It was the sense of the meeting that a fete should be given.

The following standing committees have been appointed by President Vernon:

Ways and Means—O. W. Huntington, William A. Peckham, George H. Proud, T. Fred Kaull, William P. Clarke, Jr., James A. Swan, Frederick B. Coggeshall.

Transportation—George P. Lawton, J. Alton Barker, Joseph Perry, George A. Weaver, Alexander J. Fludder, H. Battey Congdon, John H. Crosby.

Legislation and Taxation—Melville Bull, P. H. Horgan, Max Levy, Dudley Newton, William C. Cozzens, Thomas P. Peckham.

Statistics—Herbert W. Lull, Henry W. Gillett, William G. Ward, C. A. Brackett.

Entertainment—Thomas Burlingham, Henry Bull, Jr., Arthur E. Burland, D. B. Fearing, A. R. Commerford.

New Enterprises—Paul A. Andrews, F. P. Garrettson, Herbert L. Marsh, James A. Eddy, P. J. Murphy, Ralph R. Barker.

Advertising and Printing—Arthur B. Commerford, James A. Eddy.

Mr. Frederick W. Greene, Jr., of this city, will be one of the Brown University squad in the New England intercollegiate athletic meet at Worcester today, having entered in the high and broad jumps and the pole vault.

At the great council of the Red Men of the State held in Central Falls, Thursday, Hugh N. Gifford, of this city, was elected Great Junior Sagamore and F. G. Scott was elected Great Representative for two years.

Corporal George H. Wilbur, Jr., of the Newport Artillery, has been appointed color sergeant and Private Gustav H. Blom corporal, vice Wilbur promoted.

The wedding of Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren and Mr. Harry Lehr will take place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the morning of June 3, Archbishop Corrigan officiating.

Rev. and Mrs. Arthur O. Rogers, of Westboro, Pa., are at the Arnold cottage in Middletown.

Mrs. Joseph S. Allan sailed on Wednesday on steamship Majestic for Germany.

Recent Deaths.

Benjamin F. Downing.

Mr. Benjamin F. Downing died at his residence on Covell street at about 10:30 o'clock Thursday evening, after a painful illness. In January and February of this year he was the victim of a grip attack and this, it is supposed, brought on the disease that caused his death. He had never fully recovered from his winter illness and about ten days before his death was attacked by intestinal trouble. He suffered severely until death came to his relief.

Mr. Downing was born in this city in 1834, the son of the late Benjamin and Sarah Albro Downing. His education was received in the schools of this city. He learned his trade, that of a carpenter, with the late Joseph Bradford. He started in business for himself many years ago and was constantly engaged in business as a carpenter and builder up to the time of his retirement about seven years ago. He was for many years a member of the fire department, and served a number of terms as assistant engineer of the department. He was for many years a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church and was on the board of trustees of the church.

The death of Mr. Benjamin F. Downing is greatly regretted by the community in general. He was a lifelong resident of Newport and a man of the strictest integrity both in business dealings and in private life. He was a consistent church member. His relations with his family were particularly pleasant.

He leaves a widow, two sons, Mr. Benjamin F. Downing, Jr., and Mr. George F. Downing, and three daughters, Mrs. E. T. Piercy, of New York, Miss Harriet S. Downing and Miss Julia T. Downing, of this city, the two last named being teachers in the public schools. One sister, Mrs. Sarah J. Taylor, of New York, also survives him.

Funeral services will be held at his late residence on Covell street at two o'clock Sunday afternoon, at which Rev. Thomas E. Chandler, pastor of the First M. E. Church, will officiate.

Mrs. Charles H. Albro.

The news of the death of Mrs. Albro, wife of former Councilman Charles H. Albro, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence, came not as a surprise to her relatives and friends, as they all knew her life was fast ebbing to a close, and that her death was expected at any moment. Mrs. Albro entered St. Joseph's Hospital some time ago for treatment, but it was found on examination that nothing could be done for her and that death would be the only thing to relieve her sufferings, as medical treatment would only relieve her for a time.

The announcement of her death has caused sorrow to enter many homes, for she was a most estimable woman. Hers was that amiable disposition, which so endears one to relatives and friends, and causes sorrow when called away from among them. As a wife, she was devoted and true; as a mother, most indulgent and kind, ever thoughtful of their comfort and happiness.

Mrs. Albro was a member of St. Joseph's Church, and was always interested in church work. At the time of the last fair she gave her time and services, assisting all she could towards its success.

She leaves a husband and daughter, the latter being Miss Mamie Albro, who have the sincere sympathy of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances in their sad bereavement.

The funeral took place from St. Joseph's Church Friday morning, at 9 o'clock and was largely attended by relatives and friends, who gathered there to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased, Rev. Father Deady officiating, there being a requiem mass. During the service "Calvary" was sung most beautifully by Miss Nellie Kavanagh. The interment was at St. Columba cemetery, Middletown.

There were many beautiful floral offerings.

Jamestown.

Messrs. Friend & Maguire, of Newport, were on the island the past week looking over the work on the buildings at Fort Greble, which they are to complete. The work was begun by contractor D.J. McKim.

Miss Hacker, of Philadelphia, is in town.

Mr. William Williams has removed to the Gordon building which he purchased a while ago.

Mrs. Waldemar Hartmann is reported to be critically ill.

Mr. R. W. Curry is making repairs to Mr. Isaac Clother's cottage on the Dumplings.

A head is being built to Mr. J. M. Whitall's wharf by the Newport Shipyard Company.

The tax collectors have been busy preparing the taxes for the coming year.

Peter Brooks is confined to his home by illness.

Portsmouth.

A reception was given Rev. H. W. McCrone at the Christian Church, Tuesday evening and a large number were present, fully enjoying the pleasant programme arranged for the evening. Rev. and Mrs. H. W. McCrone were presented with a dozen silver knives and forks.

The annual meeting of the Portsmouth Free Public Library Association was held Tuesday evening at the library, with 23 in attendance. The treasurer's report was read and showed the library to be in a prosperous condition.

Work has been begun grading the streets and avenues in Portsmouth Park.

Monday morning the family of Mr. Fillmore Coggeshall missed one of the sons, Frederick W, but nothing strange was at first thought. Later, however, their suspicions were aroused and a search was made. It was found that something was wrong with the well and the body of the young man was found therein, life having been extinct some time. He slept with one of his brothers and he arose and dressed and it is thought must have thrown himself into the well about 4.10, as that was the hour his watch stopped. The deceased was 21 years of age and was in poor health, being subject to epileptic fits. It is not known whether he committed this act while in one of these fits or from despondency.

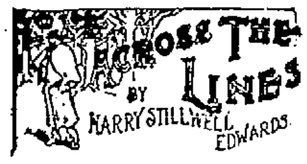
The town council and court of probate for the month of May was held Monday afternoon in the town hall, all the members being present. Wm. J. Harvey was appointed to remove the body of George H. Sherman from the town farm to Portsmouth cemetery; John B. Cornell was appointed to superintend the removal of the safe, books and other property of the town from the town clerk's office to the town hall; damages to geese, the property of Mrs. Sullivan, at Portsmouth Grove, amounting to $31.90, and to Joe de Sousa, amounting to $30.10, were received and ordered paid; petitions of Joseph Lurran & Son and Frank R. Tallman and Luther P. Chase for shooting gallery licenses were granted; petitions of Benjamin B. Barker and Hannah McQueen for licenses for victualing houses were received and referred to the second Monday in June; the bill of Jacob Marz, as prosecuting officer under the liquor law, was referred to the second Monday in June. The following bills were ordered paid: Highway Supervisor William H. Tallman in district No. 3, $142.83; in district No. 4, Charles Henry Dyer, $477.33; William T. Harvey, $53; W. T. Harvey, for five weeks' assistance to outside poor, $7.50; Joseph Coggeshall, for services as superintendent of public schools $25; Joseph Coggeshall, for services as committee in purchasing and delivering school supplies for the year ending April 30, 1901, $75; Joseph Coggeshall, for school supplies purchased of E. Babb & Co., $85.49; Robert H. Manchester, for council fees allowed this session, $2.50. In court of probate the first and final account of William L. Sisson, executor of the will of Leonard Brown, was ordered recorded and he was ordered to pay a balance in his hands of $2,977.52 to the legal devisees; S. Anna Sisson, E. P. Brown, W. J. Brown, Harriet N. Tallman and Elisha G. Chase, in equal amounts of $595.50, according to the provisions of the will.

Samuel A. Carter was appointed administrator on the estate of W. S. Carter, with bond of $250, W. W. Anthony surety; appraisers, W. W. Anthony, George A. Carter and W. F. Brayton. W. J. Brown, Edward P. Brown and Fannie P. Conway, signers of a petition, praying that Fillmore Coggeshall be appointed administrator on the estate of Sarah E. Brown, represented that they desired to withdraw the petition, and that further action be suspended. The petition of E. P. Brown, W. J. Brown, F. P. Conway and W. S. Coggeshall, praying that Fillmore Coggeshall be appointed administrator on the estate of Sarah E. Brown was taken up, and the petitioners' request to withdraw the petition was granted. The petition of S. Anna Sisson, Harriet N. Tallman, Eliza G. Chase and Fannie P. Conway, praying that W. L. Sisson be appointed administrator on the estate of Sarah E. Brown, was granted, with bond of $3,000, Jonathan A. Sisson, surety; appraisers, Oscar C. Manchester, John T. Gardner and Elbridge L. Stoddard. An inventory on the estate of Thomas Coulthe was returned and ordered recorded.

Middletown.

A birthday party connected with Holy Cross Guild was held at the residence of Senator James R. Chase, Wednesday evening. The contributions were supposed to be one penny for each year of age of each person present. Some twenty-seven dollars were contributed. As several of the bags contained a dollar or more it is safe to conclude that contrary to the usual practice, some of the guests concluded that they were older than the town clerk's record would seem to indicate. Old or young they all had a good time. A collation was served and games were enjoyed by the younger portion.

At the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange held at the town hall Thursday evening, May 9th, there was an interesting discussion of the subject: Money on the farm for women. Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham maintained that the money is in the raising of poultry. Miss Lydia R. Manchester supported the claim to fruit and vegetables, furnishing their share, while Mrs. Lydia R. Manchester concluded that summer boarders were to be considered as contributing a fair share to the woman's portion of the money on the farm. Mrs. James R. Chase told them how to spend the money after they had earned it. The meeting closed with a box auction, when the men were required to buy the luncheon boxes the ladies had brought and then seek out the lady whose name was in the box and share with her the contents. This portion of the entertainment furnished much amusement and the evening proved a decided success. Sheriff Anthony was in his element as auctioneer.



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CHAPTER XII.

When Virginia seceded and her young men rushed to the front, among the first to seek a commission was Raymond Holbin. This was in the days when most people believed that the military feature of secession would prove little more than a grand spectacular demonstration. Graduates of West Point were at once in great demand, and backed by the Brookin influence Holbin was appointed a captain of infantry among the state troops, no search of his record being at the time possible; but when the state transferred her troops to the confederate government, and Holbin sought a colonelcy, advancing in support of his application the fact that he had been an officer in the regular army, the matchless memory of the southern president recalled his history. Jefferson Davis had been secretary of war at the time the Holbin court-martial was held, and the record coming before him for review, he had promptly approved the sentence of the court. A long struggle to secure a modification of the sentence had followed—and in this struggle many politicians had been arrayed by Holbin's mother, but in vain. The sentence stood; and these people never forgot the issues involved; the Holbins hated Jefferson Davis. The name "Holbin" had clung to the memory of the hero of Buena Vista; he declined to appoint Raymond Holbin or to commission him in any way to command honorable men. The decision was in harmony with his devotion to his principles, a devotion that was destined to make him in the end the most unfortunate of American statesmen.

This new public reflection upon Holbin filled him with an ungovernable rage. Had safe opportunity offered, he would not have hesitated to send a bullet through the heart of the man who was responsible for it. Indeed, he armed himself, and for many months was convinced that he might at any moment be dedicated to the discharge of a patriotic duty. The president of the confederacy walked daily in the presence of death, for fanaticism and desperate men surrounded him. His safety lay in the fact that he walked in the sunlight, where the results of an attack promised never less than life for life. And Raymond Holbin was not the man to barter his away; he bided his time. A far more dangerous enemy was his mother, who numbered official acquaintances in Washington by the scores, and who knew when and where to plant the deadliest blow. This woman, secure in her social position, displaying by her own efforts and the efforts of her stepdaughter in hospital work devotion to the southern cause, was in secret fast balancing accounts with Jefferson Davis.

Friends of Raymond Holbin, for he still had a few, with the aid of his mother, secured him a bomb-proof position with a rank of captain; and there he stuck, with all the time for plotting that might be demanded.

What seemed to Holbin an opportunity for a sweeping revenge came very unexpectedly. Up to then he had been but an instrument in the hands of his mother and that large circle of invisibles known to him who sapped the strength of the confederacy. Their many interests preceded his. The opportunity came through Louise. He did not dare to disregard her card and responded instantly to her implied command, armed with his old secret and a virtuous indignation. He had almost forgotten her. A year before, when she had sufficiently recovered from her illness to permit it, he had sent her north, deceived by "sacred" pledges, to a new hiding-place. The immediate opening of hostilities had seemed to fix the separation. It had never occurred to him that she would make an effort to cross the lines.

The new meeting between Louise and Holbin was marked by a great display of passion on his part; she was calm and collected, a suggestion of recklessness, however, in her eyes and every movement; her face relentless and white with despair of an abandoned life. For the first time Holbin failed to move her to anger or to tears.

"I came," said she, when his rage had spent itself and in answer to his despairing offer of money if she would depart, "not because I need your assistance—that is, your money, for I do not; I am now well supplied." She could not have touched him in a more delicate spot. A swift jealousy, a curious indignation, filled him.

"Whose money?" he asked, breathlessly.

"He is very rich, and gives with a liberal hand when the woman is smart, is able, is fearless, and willing to risk her life at his bidding." It was not the speech, but the cautious glance which involuntarily she gave to her surroundings that awoke a suspicion in his breast.

"Louise, you are a—"

"Hush! I am a mother robbed of her child; that is explanation enough; for such a woman is capable of anything, even murder, as you know. Raymond, where is my daughter?" He looked at her uneasily, and the white feather appeared in spite of his efforts to conceal it.

"She is well, and well cared for."

"I asked you where, and you have not answered me!"

"There is much to be agreed upon between us before I tell you that," he said, after a pause, during which he narrowly watched her. He took a seat close beside her and continued in his old confidential, half-appealing way: "Louise, I am ruined, a disgraced man, and ripe for anything that will take me out of this city." He paused, but she did not answer or seem to hear him, and he added:

"My downfall began when I was untrue to myself—to you. I have never had a moment's good luck since; everything has gone wrong with me." Still she did not answer him, but her bosom heaved once or twice, and a strange look came into the white face she turned towards him. "I have now no chance on earth except a chance to play for even and quit the country. Louise, if I succeed will you go back with me into the old sweet life? I will be true to you; I will right all of your wrongs—and I will be a father indeed to your child. Let us go, Louise, out of this wild, heartless country back across the ocean to the little English home, back to our flowers, back to the old life." He took her hand, and this time she did not withdraw it.

"My child," she said, almost inaudibly, her face lowered and her bosom rising and falling rapidly.

"That will be all right—all right. I swear to you she is well and has not forgotten you. She never fails to ask for you, and at night to say her little prayer." A cry burst from the wretched woman.

"My baby! My baby!" She sank her face in her hands, then sprang to her feet. "You deceived me," she said, frantically, beginning to walk the floor, "I cannot—I cannot believe you."

"I have no cause to deceive you, Louise—none." He spoke very tenderly; "and I would not if I could—now. This uniform, these shoulder-straps, mean nothing in my case but disgrace. I am a stay-at-home. The dullards of my class at West Point are brigadier generals in the field; I am a uniformed clerk."

"The woman—?" Louise could not conclude her question.

"She will not assent," he said, savagely; and then quickly, lest a natural inference should array her against him again, "I have purposely made myself so obnoxious to her that she would rather be a pauper than share a fortune with me. She has yet time to decide, for she is not 21; but I know her decision in advance."

"And then?"

"Then life with you, Louise, our child's happiness provided for. I do not count upon that fortune; the slaves will be free and all values upset; land will not be worth much in this state." Louise came close to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"If I could only trust you," she said, sadly, "all might yet be well, for I have a way—"

"What do you mean?" She hesitated and, leaning over, whispered a sentence in his ear. He lifted his face quickly.

"How much?"

"Our own price."

"Our own price!"

"And revenge, Raymond, revenge for you."

"Revenge?—yes—well said. No price could be complete without that. And what a revenge! The assassin stabs his foe and is infamous; the man who slays his country's foe is a hero. Louise, you have made me happy, and you little know how chance has favored you. I am connected with the war department — I have friends around me; and, better, I have my facts in hand."

"You were planning then, too."

"I did not know what might arise, and I was determined to be ready; I was tired of doing the work while others reaped the benefit. But now comes the greatest difficulty—and that reminds me. How did you get here through the lines?"

"You remember the little farm in which I had only a life interest, the only thing we could not sell? I was warned that it would soon be within the southern lines and was sent there to wait. Jackson's army passed over it, and I came on to Richmond and delivered my messages." Holbin was astounded.

"Who do you know here?"

She shook her head. "Not a human being beside yourself. I placed my papers in a certain receptacle to which I had been directed. If there is an answer I shall find it in the same place at an appointed time." Holbin walked the floor in great excitement.

"I know both the place and the time," he said; "I took your messages; but there never would have been any answer except for this meeting. I alone can supply the information which is desired, and I shall not let it go through the usual channel. It is the chance of my life. I have facts that no other human being could have accumulated, facts of vital importance. My God, Louise! A million dollars is a small price."

"Give them to me," she said; "I will deliver them upon one condition."

"One condition? Name it."

"The price shall be paid to me." Holbin stood in deep thought.

"No," he said, as if dismissing some mental argument, "it is too dangerous a mission for any woman. Capture would mean for you certain death."

"My child!" she said, simply; and then: "I shall find a way to get through."

"Then make the trip safely, and I swear to you I will surrender the child and come to you, too."

"Oh, Raymond, promises, promises! It would be inhuman to deceive me now."

"You will control the future if you deliver my information and collect the price." She knew him well enough to understand that this logic with him was conclusive.

"Then I go," she said, "but how?"

"I shall prepare a way," said Holbin.

But when he was gone Louise, free from the influence of his personality, began to feel all her suspicion and distrust returning. She reviewed calmly but bitterly his life with her; it had been a succession of deceptions and utterly selfish. She asked herself over and over what recourse would she have if he should slip away and leave her in Richmond; and gradually, as she considered his manner, she became convinced that he intended nothing more or less so far as she was concerned. The spirit which had sustained her during the past year returned, and she felt herself full of fight. Experience had given her better control of her nerves; her life, when away from Holbin, carried a more masculine note; most women who go to school in Washington acquire it. She had come to Richmond with the full intention of seeing Mrs. Brookin, forcing a settlement of her claims upon Raymond, and securing her child. Of success as to the latter she felt assured; the other was doubtful. In the hour after her last interview with Raymond it came to her as an inspiration that she now had a weapon in her hand that would beat down any guard, pierce any armor; for he had admitted his connection with the enemy and had a gigantic enterprise afoot. She had but to insist upon a settlement in advance and to threaten; but the pressure upon Raymond should come from his mother. She therefore determined to carry out her original intention, call on that lady, and have a plain talk. Her surprise was complete when at the moment that decision was reached the card of Mrs. Brookin was brought to her room—complete, because not only was the visit of this lady a most astonishing thing, but upon that card was a sign for which she was instructed to look in every instance—two periods following the name. The meaning of the two periods was that the visitor had a message to be sent by word of mouth only and that she might be trusted.

By what means the visitor knew of her Louise was not informed; but she had been given a name and directed to register under it, and she readily guessed. She at once said, after the formal greetings were over:

"I perceive, madam, that your mourning has reached the second period." The visitor moved her chair close and made a statement, carefully worded, of considerable length, and this Louise was required to repeat over and over until its main points were fixed in mind. It related to a cabinet meeting of the day before. Mrs. Brookin then offered a few comments upon the weather and the unfortunate war and would have arisen, but Louise detained her. She said, bending over her:

"You have a son in the war department who is in great danger, and his indiscretion has endangered you and our whole system—"

"Lower!—speak lower, for God's sake!"

"He has grossly deceived and wronged a woman named Louise, and has been rash enough to let her into his and your secrets."

Mrs. Brookin was almost unable to articulate; the other handed her a glass of water.

"Where is she—this Louise?" she asked then.

"Madam, she stands before you." Louise had then and there a part of her revenge; the elder woman, in spite of all her experience, gave way to a sudden panic. But only a few moments was she absolutely helpless. Habit and the calm face before her restored her presence of mind.

"What is it we can do for this woman who has been so badly treated? She has no cause to doubt me. Tell me how I may serve her." Her voice was calm and insinuatingly conciliatory.

"She demands a public marriage, madam. Until this year she has believed herself less than the legal wife of Raymond Holbin, though God knows she never intended to be less than that. She was his wife abroad, openly acknowledged as such, and now she has proof of that fact—absolute, undoubted proof of the highest character—affidavits of acquaintances, registers, letters addressed to her in his own handwriting and photographs. All this mass of evidence is properly certified to in duplicate, and she has one copy of each in the hands of her lawyers in Washington and one copy here. Madam, your son has lived with this woman as his acknowledged wife, and I am assured that under Virginia law she is his wife and would inherit his estate."

"Ah! She wishes money?"

"No. She wishes to have her child restored."

"Her child? Raymond's child?"

"Alas, madam, one word answers you—yes!"

"He has not told me this," said the mother. "It is all that he had left to tell; his life has been a great, a painful disappointment to me."

"It is likely that he has not told you other things. He is preparing for transmission information which he thinks is good for a vast sum of money; and there is the trouble, for I believe, as you sit before me, madam, that, having given me his sacred promise, his sworn promise to send it by Louise, join her later and right all her wrongs, he is really planning to desert her again. And in that event, madam, he would leave a desperate woman behind."

"What could such a woman do then? Who would believe her—a self-confessed spy?"

"That thought has already impressed me deeply. I am satisfied now that the woman's safest plan is to see that he doesn't leave until he has met her demands. And, madam, you have the power to control him. At six o'clock, unless I see you both earlier, I shall address an anonymous communication—"

"Will you take tea with us at six, instead—in my own apartments? I think that better."

"At six then. I like the idea!"

In the privacy of her own room Mrs. Brookin gave unrestrained expression to a rage that was consuming her. No one who knew the cool, suave, tactful woman of affairs would have recognized her at that moment. She paced the luxurious apartment with the fury and abandon of a tigress entrapped, her crushed parasol and the emblems of her mourning beneath her feet. Responsive to her furious ringing, William came running to the room at intervals of five minutes to answer over and over:

"No, ma'am, Mr. Raymond ain't come in yet," and returned to tell below stairs that "Mistis is done gone plum mad over some'p'n!" Raymond came at last. As he entered his mother's room such a storm burst upon him as he had not dreamed could emanate from the heart of a woman. She had been humiliated, outwitted and belittled by an adventuress, she declared; she had been threatened and would be forced into a compromise with a creature of the gutters, and if they carried out their contract, what a triumph for Brodnar and the jealous, envious people who had resented their entrance into Richmond society! At the moment she hated even her son; she blamed him for his insane disregard of her wishes; he had been a marplot, she declared, balking her efforts to advance his fortunes, winning disgrace where she had opened the path to honor; and now nothing was left for him but marriage with a low woman, and the loss of all for which she had striven.

"Take her," cried the despairing woman, "and out of my sight forever. Go down to her level—starve, and leave your miserable offspring to wretchedness." She gave way at length under the strain, and Raymond for the first time in his life beheld his mother abandon herself to tears. He stood moodily looking from the window until she grew quieter. When he turned she was carefully righting the room, her face was pale, but her old expression of resolve had returned, and a dangerous light shone in her eyes.

"You spoke of marriage," he said. "Do you think Louise will insist upon that? Will she not be satisfied with the child?"

"She will dictate the terms, not you. She is desperate enough for anything; and I know what a desperate woman will do to save herself." Raymond turned quickly and looked at his mother. She did not avoid his questioning gaze. "She will denounce us both to the government if you do not marry her, and give her back the child. I should if I were in her place. And she will make public announcement of her claim to a common law marriage with you."

He waited in silence a minute, as though to weigh her words.

"Whether or not Louise substantiates her claim, proof of your immoral life would kill the will of my husband, for public policy would not compel Frances to marry you to inherit her property. It will not compel a young girl to condone immoral conduct for which it would grant a married woman a divorce."

"Then we are ruined!" said Raymond. "I shall look out for myself. Promise her anything to-night." The selfishness of the decision would have been appalling to anyone but his mother. She looked at him a moment, a sarcastic smile hovering about her lips.

"And I shall look out for myself." She began this self-preservation instantly, and with a falsehood so ingenious that its use at that moment would alone have proven her ability as a diplomat. "But hard as it is upon me, great as is my disappointment, for you the blow is heavier; I should not, except under these circumstances, tell you, as I do tell you now, that Frances and I have reached an agreement; she has consented to carry out her father's wishes; she stipulated only that you were not to be informed of this agreement until she chose to tell you; she will not place herself in a position to be harassed or worried by a lover now; her whole thought is on the wounded soldiers." She saw the sudden rush of blood to her son's face, and then the pallor return. A groan burst from him, and he turned away; and therein was apparent the vast difference in the natures of mother and son; helplessness, weakness and surrender was possible with the man; but with the woman, though storms of adversity might overwhelm her and clouds darken her path, nothing could long daunt her fierce, relentless spirit. For her there was no such thing as complete despair. Her time had come in this battle which she was fighting against odds; she approached her despairing ally and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Raymond," she said, "what would you sacrifice to clear the way for marriage with Frances?"

He saw the calm, confident look in her face, and a breath of hope stirred his fainting manhood.

"Anything—everything!" he said, at length.

"If you will yield implicit obedience to me—if you will be guided—I shall clear the way for you. Will you?"

"Yes."

"Human life or lives must not be regarded. We have no friends; we are surrounded by enemies; we must put aside conscience and sentiment to win; we must hesitate nowhere. Do you understand? And do you consent?"

"I shall leave it all to you, mother. What is first to be done?"

"Meet Louise here at six o'clock, and take your cue from me. She must be disarmed of suspicion."

From the moment of his surrender Raymond Holbin was ripe for anything his mother might suggest. It was her mind that conceived the plan to convince Louise that she would be permitted to ride through the confederate picket line; that, under an arrangement secured by Raymond through friends in the war department, only a pretense of firing upon her would be made. It was a plan that would have deceived no other than a woman.

That six o'clock tea was the triumph of a brilliant diplomatist's career. Louise was forgiven, caressed, received back as a member of the family, her claims and wrongs acknowledged, and full reparation agreed upon. No one could have excelled Mrs. Brookin in the tenderness with which she treated the now happy woman. She blamed Raymond openy for having concealed the truth from her.

"I knew nothing of the unfair advantage he took of you—nor of the child," she said to Louise. "My husband's niece! It was indeed a crime! And yet I see now that I largely have been to blame. I threatened him; my heart was set upon another plan. My dear child, if loving care and sympathy can compensate in part for what you have suffered, they shall be yours. But although the circumstances seem to demand that marriage should at once be solemnized, the ceremony must not be performed in Richmond. In all likelihood this city will be your home, and you should come here as Raymond's wife. Fortunately, he has given no one here

(CONTINUED ON THREE PAGE.)

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Wiles of the Fox.

A fox is entitled to all that is said for its wisdom and sagacity. Not long ago the Washing hunt of Valley Forge started a young fox in the North Valley hills, and the hounds were running it across the open field, when the hunters were surprised to see a much larger fox come from the woods and run diagonally across the track of the young fox ahead of the hounds, and when they struck the stronger track of the bigger fox, they took it up, young Reynard thereby being saved from being run down and killed by the hounds. Old hunters say they have frequently witnessed this trick when young foxes were being closely pressed and in danger of being run down and killed by the hounds. Another and even sharper trick was played by an old fox some weeks ago while being hotly pressed by the hounds. The fox had run some twenty miles, and, while crossing an open stretch of country, was in danger of being run down and killed. In a field through which the fox was running with the hounds close to its heels was the cellar of an old house, with a portion of the walls still standing. The fox made straight for the old cellar, leaped into it and made its escape throught a narrow opening in the walls. The hounds, supposing the fox was trapped, dashed into the cellar pell-mell, to find Reynard gone and themselves in a trap, as the whole in the wall through which the fox had escaped was too small to permit them to get through.

When the hunters rode up they found the pack in a trap, with one of the hounds wedged fast in the hole throught which the fox had made its escape. By the time the hounds were got out of the cellar the fox was safe in its hole.—Philadelphia Times.

Opposed Marriage Settlements.

Just before Calhoun's marriage he had a long talk with the legal counsel of his sweetheart's mother regarding Floride's marriage settlement, and directly thereafter, says George Wolsey Symonds, in the May Ladies' Home Journal, wrote to his prospective mother-in-law on the subject: "From prejudice, or reason, I have always been opposed to marriage settlements. I think experience and reason prove them to be unfriendly to the happiness of the marriage state; and that they tend to produce pecuniary embarrassment. In that state there should be one interest, one happiness and one destiny. That entire confidence, which is reposed by a female in the object of her choice, in placing both her honor and her property in his custody, gives rise to the most sacred and tender regard. A marriage settlement implies a distrust. It is no safety against inevitable accident. It is a guard against the imprudence or misconduct of the husband only. * * If successful in life there is no benefit in one; if unsuccessful, what more disagreeable than to have property, but not to be able to pay just debts? It would to me be wretched. It would be splendid poverty."

Why He Let Her Go.

A certain shopwalker in one of the large drapery establishments in the west end of London was noted for his severity to those under him.

One day he approached a junior assistant, whose counter a lady had just left.

"You let that lady go out without making a purchase?" he asked, severely.

"Yes, sir, I——"

"And she was at your counter fully ten minutes?"

"Doubtless; but then you see——"

"Exactly. I saw that, in spite of all the questions she put to you, you rarely answered her, and never attempted to get what she wanted."

"Well, but——"

"You need not make any excuses. I shall report you for carelessness."

"Well, I hadn't what she wanted."

"What was that?"

"Six shillings! She's a book canvasser, selling 'The Life of Napoleon the Great!'"

The shopwalker retired crestfallen, amid the audible titters of all the assistants in the department, who greatly enjoyed his discomfiture.—London Tit-Bits.

The big ocean greyhound had left her pier and was steaming down New York bay.

"What is that you're reading, my friend?" asked a jovial passenger.

"To Have and to Hold," replied the man addressed.

"Ah, yes; a treatise on how to prevent seasickness. Nothing in it, my boy! Nothing in it!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Cassidy—I heard a man the other day sayin' thot Adam an' Eve war Chinees.

Finnigan—Tut, tut! Shure annywan cud tell they war Irish.

Cassidy—Is it so?

Finnigan—Av coorse. They war evicted, so they must 'a' been Irish.—Philadelphia Press.

Stranger—You seem pretty flush. In on some clever operation recently?

Jimmy Dares—Yes.

Stranger—Some one let you in on the ground floor?

Jimmy Dares—O! no. No confederate. Just my usual lay; second-story window.—Philadelphia Press.

She (pining for pleasant words)—Oh, George, I cannot understand it. Why do you lavish this wealth of love on me when there are so many girls more beautiful and more worthy than I?

He—I'm blowed if I know.—Tit-Bits.

Gayboy (to valet). James, I want you to see that they bury a brush with me.

Valet (aghast). Yes, sir.

Gayboy. For the day I turn to dust you know.—Town Topics.

Little Elmer. Papa, what is a counterfeiter?

Prof. Broadhead. A counterfeiter, my son, is a man who wants money so bad that he makes it in that way.—Judge.

She. How dare you speak to me when you don't know me?

He. Well, how am I going to know you if I don't speak to you?—Town Topics.

In thirty years, Germany, from being little more than self-sustaining, has become the largest sugar exporting country.

An Anti-Dueling League has just been founded in Paris.

In cooking, as in singing, a great deal depends upon the range.

Don't wait until your friends are dead to give them flowers.

Love Across the Lines.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.

reason to suppose he is single, and it will be very easy at the right time to have you and the little girl arrive. I assure you, my daughter, that your reception will leave no room for doubt as to your future position." As Louise sat looking into the benevolent face of the older woman, with tearful eyes, her heart overflowed with gratitude.

"My child, madam," she faltered. "Where is she?"

"Near the city, but just now beyond the lines. You will be directed how to reach her when you get through; or better, Raymond will join you, and together you will find her."

Louise went back to the hotel almost content.

CHAPTER XIII.

Raymond Holbin had found it difficult to advance his cause with Frances, if for no other reason than that few opportunities for seeing her alone presented themselves. He had sought interviews repeatedly and offered the many little courtesies which the male resident of a house may extend to those of the other sex, but they had been declined with a persistance that only added fuel to the flames which were consuming him. The girl seldom dined with the family; she had during her father's long illness instituted a little housekeeping plan of her own and took her meals in her apartments, a matter very conveniently arranged by reason of the position of the apartments and the constant attendance of mammy. Occasionally, yielding to the insistence of her stepmother, she joined the family upstairs, but on such occasions she carefully avoided a tete-a-tete with Raymond, withdrawing always with the elder woman. On such occasions, the inevitable topic had been the war, its vicissitudes, and the responsibilities it involved. In these meetings and the presence of great events she after awhile learned, if not to like her stepmother, at least to suspend judgment upon her; indeed, sometimes she had been tempted to doubt the correctness of her former judgment, for when the city began to be crowded with wounded Mrs. Brookin threw open her house to them and gave much of her time to their care. The gentleness with which the elder woman entered into this work, her generosity and her universal courtesy were bound to impress such a girl as Frances. Once, as though yielding to a noble impulse, she placed her arm about the girl and said:

"My child, you have surprised and gratified me of late. If I had known you years ago we should never have been less than friends. Try to forget the days when I seemed unkind, please, and do not cherish anger towards an old woman." Frances tried to forget, but always in the presence of Mrs. Brookin she felt a constraint. She seemed ever to have entered an atmosphere that had been stripped of its electricity. Try as she might, it had been impossible to respond unreservedly to her advances; the best she could do was to meet them with courtesy.

The presence of wounded men in the house gave Raymond for a short time an opportunity to see something of Frances, and he, too, became a famous nurse. But one day Frances assured him that if he should prove as good a fighter as he was a nurse promotion would follow; then he came less often. Twice before she had been unable to resist the temptation to touch the raw place; once she had asked him directly how it was that a man could keep out of a war in which other men were winning fame; and once, in reply to his question: "Will you ever like me, Frances?" she said: "A Virginia woman should not be expected to like civilians overmuch when Virginia soil is invaded." At length, to avoid him, she gave more of her time to the hospital, yielding the care of those in the home to her stepmother and the trained nurses. Mrs. Brookin won golden opinions in those days. A week seldom passed without the appearance of her name in print coupled with lavish commendation.

Dr. Brodnar, busy every hour of the twenty-four in which his giant strength could sustain him awake, had but little time to spare for Frances; but one day in the hospital he got a brief report of the girl's new experience.

"If I had not discovered that I am better at sawing off legs than fighting scheming women, my child, I should say that you have never been in so much danger as now; but I have retired as an adviser of young women. By the way, have you decided that you will come out and keep us company at home? My wife sends an invitation not less than once a week."

"No," she said, "it would seem like running. But tell Mrs. Brodnar I am very grateful for her kindness."

"All right. Come when you please; and, Frances, call me a fool as often as you wish, but be careful what you eat in your stepmother's house—and take no medicine there! How have you satisfied them about the night when a friend of ours got his wound?"

"They have never been satisfied, I think. They tell me I am full of whims, and perhaps they class that night among them. You have not heard—?"

"Not a word. Good-by!" Dr. Brodnar in the brief meetings with Frances would never discuss Somers. It is likely that his friend's choice of sides had been an immense disappointment. Frances was bound to receive Brodnar's hint unfavorably when she considered the new and continued kindness of her stepmother. Often the latter said:

"When it is all over, my child, this cruel war, these scenes of suffering, we will take our trunks and go abroad somewhere for a year of rest." The idea seemed to be a favorite one with her; she told all of her acquaintances that she and "poor dear Frances" were going abroad as soon as hostilities closed; that the child was simply worked down. And in the face of this tender solicitude and the old lady's devotion to confederate sufferers, people shook their heads and acknowledged that one should not always believe the unkind things whispered of a neighbor. From the isolation of a suspected person, in a year Mrs. Brookin achieved immense popularity and won the confidence of even the highest officials, in whose home circles she was as welcome as they were in hers. How welcome they were might be estimated from certain government records, if the records were accessible and possible of translation now.

Holbin had heard of Frances' latest whim, the union soldier. He had not interested himself in the latter's welfare, but he made his appearance in the wingroom on the day after Louise had been pacified, and, finding only mammy there with the wounded man, he entered and engaged him in cheerful conversation. He gave him the latest news from the front, and supplied him with cigars. Responding to these attentions, the soldier readily told his story. When the name of Richard Somers, his former enemy, was reached, Holbin was visibly excited. Still, not for one instant did it occur to him to connect the presence of the wounded man in that room with the fact that Somers was his captain; and the soldier himself naturally took it for granted that the cause of his presence was well understood by all.

Frances found Holbin there, and stood silently resentful upon the threshold until he had explained his visit.

"I am told by the clerk in the department," he said, "that you had secured a pass for your protege, and I was repentant that you had been forced to go there in person. I have called now to offer my assistance. There is something else to be done for a wounded man besides getting him a pass. He must have transportation and assistance generally."

"I have been thinking of that," she admitted, troubled.

"If I may be allowed to do a wounded enemy a service," said Holbin, "I shall take him in my buggy to our outposts."

"I am sure that he will be greatly obliged." The soldier expressed himself grateful, and Holbin went away, making light of the service and without further effort to trespass upon the girl's rare mood. On the inner stair he paused in deep thought, his dark face savagely triumphant. His mother met him in the hall above and read excitement in his every movement.

"What is it, Raymond?" He hesitated and smiled wickedly.

"I am afraid even you would be shocked, mother mine. But trust me, when I do tell you about it, you will not be ashamed of your cub."

"Raymond, how dare you?" The woman's face grew crimson, and then white as from a sudden terror. He showed his teeth and disappeared before she could stop him. Angry and uneasy, she sought her own room.

The wounded soldier rode next day with Raymond Holbin, his pale face reflecting the light of liberty's sun

THE CONFEDERATE PICKET FOUND A FEDERAL SOLDIER LYING DEAD WITHIN THEIR LINES.

not yet risen for him, his blue uniform dusted and cleaned until every button was as of gold.

"Good-by, miss," he said; "I'll deliver your message, an' I know the cap'n 'll be a proud man to see me back!" He offered mammy his last greenback, but it was indignantly refused, witnesses being present.

"Dat green money ain't no good down here nohow!"

"It will be," said the soldier, simply.

Holbin returned next day and gave a vivid account of his parting with the happy prisoner; and then he immediately sought his own room; but not before Frances, a little ashamed of herself, had thanked him warmly for his kindness to her soldier.

Upon the same day the confederate relief picket found a federal soldier lying dead within their lines. He had been shot from behind with a pistol held so close to his coat that it was burned by the powder. The affair afforded but a few minutes' discussion, for the explosion of firearms was almost incessant at times, and dead men in June, 1862, were plentiful around Richmond. The only part of the mystery worth considering from the military standpoint was how the man got through the lines at that particular place. A watch taken from his body contained the names of Capt. Richard Somers and the regiment to which he was attached, and also the likeness of an elderly woman. It was surmised that the victim of the pistol shot was a deserter and robber: that he had been captured and killed while attempting violence or an escape. The officer into whose possession the watch drifted was in charge of a burial party next day under a flag of truce, and, learning that Capt. Somers was among the troops opposite, sent the watch to him with a courteous explanation. The gratification of Capt. Somers was only equaled by his bewilderment. Many weeks before he had intrusted the jewel to his faithful artilleryman, and this soldier, he had been assured, was left dead upon the bloody battlefield. His conclusion was that some one had robbed the body at that time and had been overtaken by fate while engaged in some other nefarious enterprise. But when Capt. Somers casually opened the locket and found therein a long, slender curl of reddish-golden hair and on the narrow ribbon with which it was tied the name "Frances," he was involved in a hopeless mystery. He was within sound of the Richmond church bells that morning, and between the intervals of fighting and moving to new positions he had already in imagination entered that city. The name thus sent was the only tidings of Frances he had ever received, and it made him a sadly happy man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE CAMPHOR COMES FROM

And the Varied Uses It Is Put to Nowadays—Celluloid and Gunpowder Made with It.

A page of a recent number of St. Nicholas is filled with a paper by Ralph Benton, entitled "Talking of Camphor."

"Where does this come from?" asked Sandy McLaurin, picking a block of camphor out of a jar that stood on the counter.

The druggist at the corner near Sandy's home was a good friend to all the boys, and they liked to ask him questions.

"Camphor? That's a long story." The speaker and questioner sat down behind the prescription counter. "Have you ever noticed that row of lindens down on Fourth street, near the grammar school? Well, the tree that produces camphor looks very much like any one of those. It grows in China, Japan, and other parts of eastern Asia. Occasionally a camphor tree becomes so old and so large that it is a veritable landmark. In 1691, for instance, a traveler in Japan described a tree which he found that was 36 feet about the trunk. Almost a century and a half later the same tree was said by another traveler to be 50 feet around.

"Did your grandmother ever make you take a few drops of spirit of camphor? You know what a fiery taste it has, then. You wouldn't think that camphor and the cinnamon sticks that you like so well are first cousins; but they belong to the same botanical family.

"If you take one of the shiny green leaves from a camphor tree and rub it gently between two stones, you smell the same odor as comes to you when you take the lid off a camphor jar. Every part of the tree contains its part of the gum, but the bulk of it comes from the root, trunk, and branches. The first step is to reduce a tree to chips, and these are put into iron vessels having a cone-shaped cover lined with rice straw. Then the vessels are heated, and the camphor is driven out of the chips. Do you know what I mean when I use the word 'volatile?' No? Well, a thing is volatile that seems to fly off in the air. Now, camphor is volatile; it is capable of being changed into vapor. When heat is applied to the iron vessels the camphor is volatilized, but it condenses almost at once; that is, it is changed to a multitude of tiny little lumps of solid camphor, which fasten themselves on the straw that lines the cover. It is then scraped from the straw, refined and pressed into blocks."

"Is camphor used for anything but medicine and to keep off moths?" asked Sandy.

"I was just coming to that. Strange as it may seem, we can get a substance from it that looks almost like ivory—hard and beautifully white. Go out to the first showcase on the left, and bring me a white comb and one of those hand mirrors with a white back."

Sandy looked puzzled as he obeyed.

"This material," tapping the back of the mirror, "is called celluloid, and it is made from camphor and cotton. It is used for hair brushes, soap boxes, knife handles, and many other articles. In another field we find that it plays its part in changing the map of the world or shaping the destiny of a nation. Camphor is used in making smokeless gunpowder. Our country certainly learned the value of it in the summer of '98."

"Why," Sandy ventured, "I should think, with all the big armies everywhere, that most of the camphor would be used for powder."

"A great deal of it is. That is why camphor has been so dear for a number of years past."

"Couldn't tar camphor be used?"

"Oh, no! Tar camphor is really not camphor at all, though somebody discovered, about 12 years ago, that it would take the place of camphor in preventing the ravages of moths. For many years it was thrown away: it was a puzzle to get rid of it. It comes, in a roundabout way, from bituminous coal. When this kind of coal is heated in a certain way it is split up into gas (used for lighting) a heavy, black liquid (coal tar), and coke; and it is from the coal tar that tar camphor is made. I couldn't begin to tell you all about coal tar in one night, Sandy. Some other time we'll talk about it again."

Aluminum Notepaper.

It is stated that experiments with aluminum as a substitute for paper are now under way in France. It is now possible to roll aluminum into sheets four-thousandths of an inch in thickness, in which form it weighs less than paper. By the adoption of suitable machinery these sheets can be made even thinner, and can be used for book and writing paper. The metal will not oxidize, is practically fire and water proof, and is indestructible by worms. —London Invention.

Force of Habit.

"Have you any postage stamps?" asked the young lady of the drug clerk.

"We are just out of stamps," replied the clerk, absently, "but we have something just as good."—Chicago Evening News.

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The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, May 18, 1901.

Manila's population is found to be 214,732, which gives it a place next below that of Newark, N. J., or seventeenth from the top in the list of cities of the United States.

Eighty-seven carriage horses were sold in New York the other day for an average of over one thousand dollars each. The horseless era has been indefinitely postponed.

All those who wish to vote this fall, that is at the State and city elections, which come off November 5th, must register before June 30. There is therefore only about six weeks left in which to register, and thus far little or nothing has been done.

The New England Order of Protection, which held its annual meeting in Boston Tuesday, now numbers 31,480 members, being a net gain in the past year of about 2,500. The Order in the year just closed has paid death claims amounting to $438,000. The Order is in a very flourishing condition.

The amount of money in circulation in the United States on May 1 was $2,165,804,285, as compared with $2,060,525,463 on May 1, 1900, showing an increase of $134,778,772. The increase since April 1, 1901, amounted to $8,060,655. The circulation per capita on May 1 was $28.31, as compared with $26.58 on May 1 last year.

At the meeting of the New England Free Trade League held in Boston Tuesday evening, Col. Samuel R. Honey, of this city, and Rowland G. Hazard, of Peace Dale, were elected Vice Presidents. Gen. Hazard Stevens was re-elected Secretary. Out of over a thousand persons claimed to be members of the league only about forty took enough interest to attend the annual meeting and banquet. In these times of prosperity under our present tariff laws there would seem to be but little use for a free trade league in this section of the country.

Gov. Gregory has many questions to answer from seekers for knowledge outside of the State. A few days ago a young woman teacher from Iowa wrote the Governor that she has been "stumped" by one of her pupils, who after asking if Rhode Island had two capitals, wanted to know if the State had two governors, and if it had but one did he occupy both capitols, or occupy one a part of the time and then the other. In the first place she is a little late in her history, and secondly she evidently thinks a Rhode Island governor is of such importance that his presence at the capitol is demanded all the time. When the fact is the State machinery would go on just the same if the governor lived in Europe or even in Iowa during the whole of his term.

A Distinguished Woman.

In his speech at Los Angeles President McKinley made a graceful reference to Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, daughter of Thomas H. Benton for thirty years U.S. Senator from Missouri, and widow of the Pathfinder. Mrs. Fremont resides in that city, and the country, as well as California, will join the President "in reverent and affectionate regard" for one of the grand old women of her time. Sixty years have passed since Mrs. Fremont became a bride, at the age of 16. In her marriage a good deal of later national history was involved. It was to prevent the match that Senator Benton had Lieut. Fremont sent out to the wilderness to explore the Des Moines. In that journey Fremont caught the atmosphere of the far West, across whose vast expanse he was destined to lead five expeditions. Benton made an explorer without unmaking a lover. John and Jessie quickly found a way to become man and wife, and it was his bride who encouraged him to undertake his first expedition, though it meant a long separation.

Fremont's role in national affairs was a remarkable one, and Jessie was ever his adviser. He pushed the acquisition of California faster than the government was willing to move, and undoubtedly hastened its action. He was the first U. S. Senator from that State after its admission to the Union. His canvass for the presidency as the first Republican candidate was a sudden and dramatic episode in politics. In the civil war he was more than a year ahead of time in issuing an emancipation proclamation. Perhaps he hastened that event also. At least he set people to thinking about it. If he were living to-day he would be three years younger than the Pope. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Fremont will leave her full memoirs as a legacy to the American people, and one reason why she should do it is that she writes exceptionally well. Such a work would fill an important place in the national annals.

The various chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution throughout the state will observe the anniversary of the birth of General Nathanael Greene on June 6 next with fitting exercises. William Ellery Chapter of this city is preparing a programme for the day, and will probably hold a public meeting and secure a speaker to deliver an appropriate address. Music and other exercises of various kinds will also be on the programme. Gen. Greene was second only to Washington in the Revolutionary Army and was a native of Warwick in this state. He was born on June 4, 1742, and died June 19, 1786.

Death of a Well Known Mason

One of the best known Free Masons in the State, Edwin Baker, of Providence, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge for the past thirty years, died at his home in that city on Wednesday from the effects of a paralytic shock sustained Monday morning. He was born in Newmarket, N. H., in 1837, but came to Providence when very young. For many years he carried on with his father the business of makers and dealers in musical instruments, under the firm name of Henry Baker & Son.

Mr. Baker entered the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island in 1860, and was the first Musical Director appointed in the Grand Lodge. He had charge of the music on the memorable occasion when the corner stone of the monument erected under authority of the General Assembly of Rhode Island to the memory of the soldiers and sailors of the State who fell in the Civil War, was laid, June 24, 1870, and also at the laying of the corner stone of the City Hall in Providence. Mr. Baker was instrumental in organizing the Orpheus Club in 1860, and was unanimously elected President for 20 years until, in 1880, it was merged into Orpheus Lodge, No. 36, of which he was a charter member.

Mr. Baker was elected Grand Secretary May 20, 1872, since which date he had served continuously and faithfully in that important office. As Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, he had become widely and favorably known among Masons, both in this country and abroad. He was also secretary of the Masonic Veterans' Association of this State. Grand Secretary Baker was held in high esteem for his many excellent qualities, and especially for his obliging attention to all with whom he came in contact.

We Lead the World.

The picture of the world's commerce presented each month by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics in its monthly publication, the Monthly Summary of Commerce & Finance, presents in the May number some interesting facts about the commerce of the principal nations of the world. Perhaps the most interesting fact which it shows is that the United States stands in the fiscal year 1901 clearly and unquestionably at the head of the world's list of exporting nations, her average monthly exportations for the nine months ending with March, 1901, being $121,497,853, while those of the United Kingdom, her closest competitor, were $117,816,246 per month during the same period; those of Germany, the next largest exporter, $87,551,000 per month during the twelve months ending with December, 1900; France, $56,407,000; Russia, $29,550,000 per month; British India, $26,747,000 per month; Austria-Hungary, $25,753,255 per month; Belgium, $23,568,000 per month, and Italy, $20,518,000 per month.

The total domestic exports of the United States in the nine months ending with March are 60 millions greater than those of the United Kingdom, her greatest rival.

The appellate division of the supreme court opened its May session in this city on Monday. The docket was called and a few cases were disposed of. The court adjourned shortly before twelve o'clock to meet on May 27 when divorce cases will be heard.

Mr. Phillip Caswell, of this city, has been elected one of the senior members of the board of directors of the Brown University Athletic Association.

Maine Invaded.

Army of Workers Looking for Good Times.

Anticipation is the consideration of something beforehand, and for the spring sportsman it is a foretaste of the expectations and delights of the spring vacation. There is nothing more enjoyable to the sportsman than the preparation of the lines, hooks, flies, tackle, and other paraphernalia for his spring trip, for they bring to mind the many happy hours and pleasant associations of past good times. The conclusion of this overhauling is followed by a perusal of every book, pamphlet and folder obtainable for information about fishing resorts and regions, the final decision being that the old one is good enough. Next comes the tedious wait for the announcement that the "ice is out," upon which declaration away he goes.

Comfortably situated in the night Pullman the eager and expectant fisherman knows that by noon of the morrow his haven will be reached, and a too short period of unequalled sport is at hand. New England, with its hundreds, yes, thousands, of well stocked lakes, ponds, brooks and streams, offers allurements of greater importance than any other section. Take Moosehead, for instance—its situation is deep in the wilds of Maine, yet half a day's ride places its overabundance of rare sport within your reach. Its every cove, inlet, bay and harbor is a fishing rendezvous. Landlocked salmon and lake trout weighing five pounds each are often taken. The several accessible points on Moosehead are Greenville, Capens, Kineo, Lily Bay, Spencer Bay and North East Carry, at each of which places the fisherman will find accommodations of surprising excellence.

If you are thinking of making a fishing trip, or if you are an old timer, the Brochure "Fishing and Hunting," published by the General Passenger Dept. of the Boston & Maine R. R., Boston, will be of use to you. It will cost you but two cents in stamps to get it.

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Washington Matters.

Senator Gage Declines to Talk on Wall Street Matters—War Department Employee in Trouble—President Schwab of the Steel Trust appears before the Industrial Commission—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 13th, 1901.

Secretary Gage declines to say anything for publication concerning the Wall Street crash of last week, but it is known that he felt greatly relieved when the disturbance did not extend outside the ranks of the speculators. As a financier of long experience he knows that there is always danger that these speculative orgies may do great damage to the country when the inevitable collapse comes, by unsettling values and shaking confidence throughout business circles. The government has no control of these things, but there are times when the Secretary of the Treasury may do much toward preventing financial trouble of a serious nature. For that reason Secretary Gage kept a close watch on the Wall street speculations. He was prepared to do what he could had the necessity arisen, but is very glad that in this case he was not called on to do anything. He is still buying short little United States bonds, whenever they are offered at a price that makes it advantageous for the government to buy, and will continue to do so, because thereby he not only puts the money that is in the Treasury back into circulation, but saves interest for the Government.

Secretary Root made short work of the official career of a War Department official, who offered to sell copies of official correspondence to the Counsel of Neely, who is charged with the embezzlement of Cuban postal funds. The offer was made by W. D. Williams, private Secretary for Col. Edwards, Chief of the Insular Division of the War Department, to Judge Linsay, of New York, who at once reported it to Attorney General Knox. Detectives had no trouble in tracing the offer to Williams, who acknowledged his guilt. Secretary Root at once dismissed him from the government service. He would also have been prosecuted, but inasmuch as the copies he had offered to sell were all recovered and would in any event have been of no value in the case, it was decided that dismissal was sufficient punishment.

Mr. C. M. Schwab, President of the newly-founded steel trust, known as the United States Steel Company, was one of the most interesting witnesses yet heard by the Industrial Commission. He was a very frank and willing witness, giving all that was asked except a copy of the syndicate agreement, which he said he thought was private matter that he would not care to furnish at this time. He said the new company controlled about 75 per cent. of the steel products of the country, and expressed the opinion that the consolidation under one head would be beneficial all around. When asked what effect it would have on prices, he replied: "I think the tendency will be towards somewhat lower prices. I do not think there is a probability of higher prices unless something unforeseen happens." When asked what, if any, effect the talk of the removal of the tariff on steel products would have on his company, he replied: "Reduce the tariff and the wages of labor will be reduced. Labor forms the largest element. Our greatest exports have been in rails and billets, wherein labor is the least factor comparatively, and not in the lines upon which the most labor is exerted." When asked to state what effect corporate consolidation would have on the chances of men for employment, he said: "Opportunities were never so great before as they are now, for men of brain and energy who are willing to work. There was never so great a scarcity of the special men who are required by manufactories. Men with such exceptional abilities have chances equal to any such men ever had. I doubt, however, if men with small capital have." He said the average wages paid by the Carnegie Co. at Homestead, last year, were $4 a day. The lowest was $1.50, but Mr. Schwab said he was ashamed to tell what the highest was.

Minister Conger is in Washington. He declines to discuss the Chinese question, further than to say that he thinks it will be impossible for China to pay the amount of the indemnity that the representatives of the powers have decided to demand.

While it would be obviously improper for the Department of State to take any notice officially of the constantly repeated reports of efforts being made to form a commercial combination of the great European nations, for the purpose of making war upon American trade, officials of that department say in private conversation, that no such reports would be in circulation, had the Senate ratified the reciprocity treaties negotiated with European nations, as President McKinley, in public messages and in conversation with Senators, repeatedly requested. They add that, in their opinion, it is still possible for the Senate to head off any European commercial combine against us by promptly, at the next session, ratifying such of those treaties as are still alive, particularly that with France.

Officials in Washington cannot, of course, speak positively for President McKinley, but none of them has the remotest idea that President McKinley will take any official notice of the resolution adopted by the Hawaiian Legislature, asking for the removal of Gov. Dole, because he has not allowed himself to be controlled by the majority of legislature.

Weather Bulletin.

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ST. JOSEPH, Mo., May 18.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent 18 to 22, warm wave 17 to 21, cool wave 20 to 24.

About date of this bulletin temperature will be averaging normal. A moderate warm wave will be near meridian 92 moving rapidly eastward and a cool wave following in the upper Missouri valley.

Week ending May 27 will average below normal temperature and wet in many places in the great central valleys. Not a good crop growing week.

Disturbance will reach Pacific coast about 24, cross west of Rockies by close of 24, great central valleys 25 to 27, eastern states 28. The center of this disturbance will pass through southeastern states causing very cool weather in Canada and the northern states.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 23, great central valleys 25, eastern states 27. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 26, great central valleys 28, eastern states 30.

Next bulletin will carry the forecasts into June, the month that will determine results of winter wheat in northern parts of the winter wheat belt and largely determine what the spring wheat crop is to be.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

The plant of the Granite Railway company at Quincy, Mass., was damaged to the extent of $2000 by fire. The fire started in an engine house.

An investigation is being made by Boston police in the death of Mrs. Ernest Benway, which occurred from sepsis and hemorrhages, alleged by her father and mother to have resulted from improper treatment and neglect at the hands of Christian Scientists.

There has been no change in the situation at Rockport, Me., where some 45 kiln tenders quite work several days ago.

A special election at Lynn, Mass., for alderman to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Charles C. Fry, resulted in a victory for the Democrats, William T. Connery being chosen. Mr. Fry was a Republican.

A man who was walking on the railroad tracks near Deerfield, Mass., was killed by a train. The appearance of the man was that of a wayfarer.

John Donovan, 28 years old, was fatally injured while unloading logs at a Boston mill.

Miss Jane W. Heyett, a teacher of more than state prominence during her active life, died at her home at Farmington, Me., aged 70.

Bowdoin B. Crowninshield, the designer of the Lawson cup defender Independence, was married at Boston to Miss Emma Brown of that city. The wedding was a very quiet one.

An "Alumni House," modelled on the plan of the Princeton Inn at Princeton college, is to be erected at St. Paul's school at Concord, N. H.

Professor J. W. Planter, who has been assistant professor of ecclesiastical history at the Harvard divinity school, has been elected professor of ecclesiastical history at the Andover theological seminary in Andover.

Large orders have recently been received from Australia by Maine paper mills, and several shipments have already been made to Melbourne and Sydney.

William Carter, about 35, of Warwick, Mass., committed suicide by sending a bullet through his heart.

The First Baptist church of Charlestown district, Boston, celebrated the 100th anniversary of its dedication with special services.

Abel Daniels, 30, was fatally injured at Southampton, Mass., by being thrown on a circular saw in a saw mill. He died in a few minutes.

Mrs. Eunice Slade died at Walpole, N. H., aged 101 years 6 months 9 days. Her death was the result of old age.

The 6-year-old son of Alfred Painchaud fell into the river and was drowned at Brunswick, Me.

Horace Meserve, 45 years old, was instantly killed by a passenger train at East Kingston, N. H., while walking on the track.

Treasurer Amory of the Nashua and Jackson Manufacturing companies stated that the mills of both companies at Nashua, N. H., will shut down from Aug. 3 to Aug. 12. No reason is given for the proposed shut-down.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence society at Boston it was decided that there should be a pledge signing campaign in Massachusetts.

The world's record at candle pins was broken by a few pins by the Boston team rolling against Worcester in the New England championship at Boston. The scores were: Boston, 1425; Worcester, 1221.

In a small fire, started probably by the dropping of a kerosene lamp, Mrs. Margaret Bowling, a widow 65 years old, was so badly burned at her home at Boston that she will probably die.

A petition for a layout for a new street railway line, running from the heart of Manchester to Lake Massabesic, there connecting with the New Manchester and Haverhill Street railway, was presented to the Manchester, N. H., board of aldermen.

George S. Stillman of Yale threw the 16-pound hammer 159 feet in practice. This is better than the intercollegiate record by several feet.

The young daughter of Frank Bailey of Baileyville, Me., fell from a bridge at that place and was drowned.

Dr. George C. Jarvis, surgeon of the Seventh Connecticut regiment throughout the Civil war, and for many years a consulting physician of the Hartford hospital, died at Hartford of pneumonia. He was 67 years old.

Money Safer In Savings Bank

Brockton, Mass., May 15.—Mrs. Wallace Tyler, by the death of a relative in New York, was left a legacy of about $1300. The money came in certified checks, which were sewn into a bed mattress for safe keeping. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler were away yesterday and on their return home found the checks missing, also $30 from a toy bank, the house having been broken into during their absence.

Eastman Acquitted

Cambridge, Mass., May 13.—When Charles R. Eastman stood up in the court room Saturday night, and heard the verdict of the jury, "Not guilty," which wiped away the stigma of the indictment of having murdered his brother-in-law, Richard H. Crogan, Jr., it seemed as if the walls of the court room would give way before the rounds of cheers that greeted that decision.

Tried to Crack His Skull

Nashua, N. H., May 14.—Eli Jodoin, confined in the local jail on the charge of being a common seller, keeping his place of business open on Sunday and keeping a disorderly house, attempted to commit suicide yesterday by hitting his head against the brick wall of his cell. He was seriously injured, but it is believed he will recover.

Held on Assault Charge

Thomaston, Me., May 14.—George A. Wellman, charged with assault upon Miss Isabella Burkett, denied the allegations in court yesterday, and contended that the prosecution follows an effort by Miss Burkett to induce him to pay her a sum of money to keep silent, which threat proved of no avail. The court ordered Wellman to furnish $300 bail for his presence before the supreme court.

Seventy-Eight In Quarantine

New Bedford, Mass., May 14.—A case of smallpox has been discovered on the schooner David A. Story, from Brava, Cape Verde islands, and the vessel has been quarantined for 14 days. She has 78 persons on board.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Hugh F. Finnegan and Isabella Finnegan, his wife, have sold their property on the southerly side of Bath road, containing dwelling and 10,400 square feet of land, to Winthrop Chanler, of New York.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the summer season, for J. Griffith Masten, of London, England, the furnished cottage No. 43 Everett street, to Miss Mary E. Tillinghast, of New York.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mrs. Roderick Terry, her furnished villa and stable, with grounds, on Gibbs avenue to Mr. Anthony, for the summer season.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the summer season the "Admiral Case" cottage, furnished, for Madame M. J. Robinson to Mrs. Guldet.

Simeon Hazard has rented to Captain Dixon of the Salvation Army, the lower half of the house, 14 Appleby street, for Mrs. Mary A. Dickerson.

Simeon Hazard has rented to Edward Saulpaugh the lower half of the house, No. 66 Third street, for the Henry S. Peckham estate.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MAY 1901.	STANDARD TIME. Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High wat Morn	High wat Eve
18 Sat	4 40	7 12	sets	7 32	7 45
19 Sun	4 40	7 13	9 0	8 21	8 38
20 Mon	4 39	7 14	9 55	9 15	9 29
21 Tues	4 38	7 15	10 41	10 06	10 22
22 Wed	4 37	7 16	11 26	11 01	11 18
23 Thurs	4 36	7 17	12 11		12 08
24 Fri	4 36	7 18	mo'n	12 17	1 00

Full Moon 30, 5h. 15m., morning.
Last Quarter 11th, 0h. 33m., morning.
New Moon 16th day, 5h. 9m., evening.
First Quarter 23th day, 6h. 24m., morning

A. O'D. TAYLOR

OFFERS FOR RENT.

1st—Two excellent offices, 2d floor on Thames street, in one of the best business parts of that street. Furnished and heated, $200 a year each.

2d—A suite of three communicating rooms, close to Washington square, on Thames street, well adapted for any Club or Society; one room large enough for a lecture or dancing hall. Rent of all three $150.

Office, 121 Bellevue Avenue, Newport.
Office hours, 9 morning till 6 evening.
Telephone, 320.

Deaths.

In this city, 16th inst., Benjamin F. Downing, in his 68th year.

Entered into rest, 17th inst., Mary, widow of Samuel Marsh.

At the home of her son-in-law, Lieut. Com. Murdock, Naval War College, Newport, R. I., 14th inst., entered into rest, Mary Elizabeth, widow of Dr. Simeon Dillingham of Philadelphia.

In Providence, at St. Joseph's Hospital, 14th inst., Annie, wife of Charles H. Albro, in the 55th year of her age.

In this city, 12th inst., Elsie, daughter of Millie Curtis and the late Frederick Smart, aged 12 years and 6 months.

In this city, 12th inst., Harriet Dean, youngest daughter of the late Joshua and Anna W. D. Sayer.

In Jamestown, 11th inst., Mary Howland, daughter of Eli A., and Elizabeth A. Helmick, aged 6 years and 3 months.

In Middletown, 10th inst., Cynthia Ann, widow of Frederick A. Peckham, aged 79 years.

In South Portsmouth, 13th inst., Frederick William, son of Ellmore and Elizabeth M. Coggeshall, aged 21 years.

In South Portsmouth, 13th inst., Caroline R., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pagnin, aged 1 year, 6 months and 12 days.

In Tiverton, 8th inst., Mrs. Charles Wood.

In Providence, 13th inst., Edwin Baker, in his 64th year.

In Providence, 11th inst., Frank H., youngest son of the late Joseph E. and Sally R. Cranston.

In Boston, 12th inst., Mary E., widow of Zechariah Chafee of Providence, in her 77th year.

In Warren, 13th inst., William Y. Easterbrooks, in his 56th year.

In Johnston, 13th inst., Ethan Amos Jenks, in his 74th year.

In North Scituate, 11th inst., Horace Dexter, in his 70th year.

In Wakefield, 11th inst., Horace Dexter, in his 70th year.

In Providence, 12th inst., William P. Whittaker, 71; 11th inst., Exey, widow of Thomas Walker, 8; 11th inst., Mary A., widow of Israel Bullock, 74; 10th inst., Elizabeth P., widow of Martin S. Witherell, 86; 9th inst., Joseph P. Healy, 86.

Farm for Sale.

I have the "John B. DeWolfe farm," on Gypsum Lane, so called, in my hands for sale. This farm is about four miles from Newport, comprising two sets of farm buildings and about 41 acres of land and is a great hay farm. Full particulars of

SIMEON HAZARD.

NEWPORT, R. I.
Sole Agent.

Telephone 320.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

USED THEIR GUNS

Militiamen at Albany Obeyed Officers' Instructions

Comparatively Quiet Day Has a Terrible Ending

Albany, May 17.—Five hours of conference last night, with all the warring elements represented, failed to settle the Albany strike of street railway employes. The strikers waived all demands for the removal of the nine nonunion men. The executive committee of the United Traction company will consider the proposition today, and may accept it and settle the strike.

In the meantime Major General Roe intends to take every precaution, and at midnight last night he ordered out the Ninth regiment of New York, commanded by Colonel Morris. It will arrive here this afternoon, 800 strong, and if the strike is not settled, will assist in opening up the other lines of the Traction company in this city.

Three men fatally wounded, hundreds of others with broken heads and wrecked faces, cars running merely as arsenals, with no patrons, the city under martial rule, with its citizens in a frenzy of excitement and the city authorities and leaders of the strikers trying to get the street railway company to come to an amicable settlement, was the situation when darkness fell last night.

The bloodshed in Albany came after a day of absolute peace. From early morning the crowd had melted away before bayonet and gun; cars had been operated under heavy guards and there was an impression that the spirit of turbulence was waning. Noon had seen the sentries and patrols practically without occupation. Some minor demonstrations occurred, but not a shot had been fired, and as the day passed the running of cars attracted but little attention.

But a volley, fired on Broadway by a squad of Twenty-third Infantry, in which Leroy Smith and William Walsh, well known citizens, fell mortally wounded, brought an instant change over the situation, filled with the promise of peace. It stirred anew the feeling of hatred as the exciting tidings swept like a wave through the city. The guardsmen were bitterly denounced, for neither of the men fatally wounded by their bullets had been guilty of any offense. They were caught in a crowd, some member of which had stoned the guardsmen.

The military measures of the morning represented the limit of stringency. Householders were given warnings to see that their premises were kept orderly and every head that showed on a roof top had a rifle pointed at it.

It was on the final run of the cars that the great tragedy of the day occurred. The cars were on Broadway, moving northward, and a constantly swelling crowd was gathered about the Union station. Near Columbia street, a truck blocked the way of car 31, and, urged on by the crowd, the driver refused to move on as quickly as desired. Some one in the crowd threw a stone, but it went wide of its mark. The car finally moved forward into the next block, and another stone was hurled at it. There was a sharp command, and as the car slowed down four shots were fired by the soldiers. Leroy Smith lounged on the step of his store; William Walsh, his business neighbor, from across the street, was his immediate companion. A small crowd hung about near them, and it was into this gathering that the guardsmen fired, at a range of less than 20 feet. Smith and Walsh were both shot in the abdomen. A third man, William Rooney, was slightly hurt by a glancing bullet.

The startled crowd fell back at the first shot, and a moment later the guards sprang aboard the car and were rapidly carried from the scene. Smith and Walsh were hurried away to hospitals, and an angry mob swarmed into the street, cursing and denouncing the guardsmen.

Leroy Smith is a member of the shoe manufacturing firm of Smith & Herrick, a citizen of wealth, respectability and prominence. Walsh is the head of a plumbing house, and well known in business circles. Neither man had any part other than as spectators in the demonstration that provoked the shooting.

The rest of the cars made the run to North Albany and back without trouble, and when they reached the Quail street barn were housed for the night.

It was Lieutenant Wilson of company E who gave the fatal order to fire, and his action has received the approval of his superiors, for an investigation by high military officials, held last night, exonerated him from blame. According to Wilson's statement he fired at and hit a man who struck him with a stone.

Doctors Could Have Saved Her

Providence, May 15.—The investigation into the death of Miss Adelaide Gale, who died of cancer after having received treatment by Christian Science method, was continued yesterday by Medical Examiner Perkins, whose statement was to the effect that the woman's life could have been saved if medical attention had been given her.

Baby Found In River

Providence, May 15.—The murder of a male child, about four months old, was revealed yesterday in the finding of a bundle containing a decomposed body in the bed of the Seekonk river by oyster fishermen. The body was probably that of a colored child. The police are investigating.

Took Fifty Morphine Pills

Woonsocket, R. I., May 15.—Mrs. Mary E. Hare, a widow, aged over 70, died last night as a result of taking 50 quarter-grain morphine pills with suicidal intent. Mrs. Hare had been addicted to the use of morphine, and for a long time had been doing housework for families in Woonsocket.

Minority Still Holds Out

Havana, May 17.—At yesterday's meeting of the committee on relations of the Cuban constitutional convention a majority voted to submit to the convention a report advising acceptance of the Platt amendment. The minority faction asked for further time to draw up a minority report, which was granted.

HEAD CRUSHED IN

Subject For Hypnotic Influence Meets With Sad Fate

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.

Woonsocket, R. I., May 17.—During an exhibition of hypnotism, given by Frank E. Farnsworth and wife of Fitchburg at the local Opera House last night, one of the subjects, Thomas Bolton, also of Fitchburg, was killed. Bolton was a member of the Farnsworth company and was resting between two chairs with a 600 pound stone placed on his body, when a local blacksmith, Clifford Trask, attempted to break the stone with a sledgehammer.

After Trask had given the stone two heavy blows and succeeded in cracking it, the chair on which Bolton's head rested gave way under the weight of the stone, and the subject fell to the floor, the stone crushing Bolton's head almost to a jelly. He died shortly after.

Farnsworth and Trask were arrested. Both of them will be held pending an investigation.

Bolton was 24 years old. He had been travelling with Farnsworth as one of his subjects, and intended to go home Saturday of this week, as the company was then to conclude its season.

Trask is about 22 years of age and an unusually powerful man. Farnsworth, during his exhibition, called upon volunteers to assist him, and Trask responded. He is a popular young man, and feels very badly over the incident. Farnsworth has been accompanied by three subjects for hypnotic influence, and Bolton has generally given his exhibition each night. On account of the small attendance in the Opera House last night he wished to have it cut out of the program, but it was decided to carry out the different features of the program, and the accident resulted.

Fisherman Finds Webber's Body

Brunswick, Me., May 17.—The body of John P. Webber, Jr., of Brookline, Mass., the Bowdoin college student who was drowned on May 1, was found yesterday, five miles from the place where the accident occurred. The body was in good condition. George Blair, a fisherman, who found the body, will receive the $100 reward offered for the recovery of the body.

Sarah Boyle's Body Found

Lawrence, Mass., May 17.—The body of Sarah Boyle of this city was found floating in the north canal yesterday. A slight discoloration over the right eye caused a rumor to circulate that a crime had been committed. Acting Medical Examiner Dow feels confident, however, that it is a case of suicide. The woman has been missing since May 6.

Cotton Storehouse Burned

Hooksett, N. H., May 15.—The largest of the cotton storehouses owned by the Hooksett Manufacturing company was burned to the ground last night with all its contents. A large amount of cotton was stored in the building, and the total loss is variously estimated from $90,000 to $150,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Fatal Burning Accidents

Pawtucket, R. I., May 17.—James Meehan, 6 years old, was playing with a torch made of paper, when his clothing became ignited, and he was fatally burned.

Brattleboro, Vt., May 17.—Fannie Thomas, 2 years old, set fire to her clothing while left alone yesterday, and was fatally burned.

Launching Will Be Private

Boston, May 17.—The yacht Independence will not be launched publicly on Saturday night at the Atlantic works as anticipated. Mr. Lawson states that the facilities and surroundings of the yard make it positively dangerous if many people attend, and the necessary depth of water is only at night.

Forgot Current Was On

Worcester, Mass., May 17.—Joseph E. Laclair, 41 years old, was electrocuted and instantly killed last night while at work on a light pole. Fifty-five hundred volts passed through him. He forgot the current was on and formed a circuit with the lamp on which he was working.

Cutlery Forgers Quit Work

Northampton, Mass., May 17.—The 50 forgers employed by the three cutleries in Bay State village went out yesterday on strike, demanding 10 hours' pay for nine hours' work—$3 per day. The forgers working by the piece have also quit work in sympathy with the strikers.

Succumbed to His Injuries

Somerville, Mass., May 17.—Martin B. Kilduff, who was severely injured in the railroad accident in this city May 9, died yesterday from the result of his injuries. Kilduff had his skull fractured. He was 34 years old, married and lived in Waltham.

Break In Strikers' Ranks

Portland, Me., May 13.—The Plumbers' union, which has been on a strike with the other building trades, voted to declare the strike off yesterday. The men went to work this morning. The other trades declare that they will hold out.

Took Her Life With Gas

North Attleboro, Mass., May 17.—Mrs. Alice Freeman committed suicide by inhaling illuminating gas yesterday. She attached a tube to a gas jet and when discovered she was dead. Temporary insanity is believed to have caused the act.

Missing Since May 9

Andover, Mass., May 17.—G. E. Starbuck, the Harvard sophomore, who disappeared last Thursday, is still missing. The last seen of Starbuck was on the Harvard grounds at 11 a. m., on May 9.

Enforcing Prohibitory Law

Lewiston, Me., May 14.—There were 10 raids made by Sheriff Huskings' deputies yesterday in Lewiston, but only one was successful, and at that place only a small amount of stuff was found. Late last night everything was dry. Several of the rumsellers have temporarily discontinued business.

A TRIPLE TRAGEDY

Family of Three Meet Death In a Maine Town

Buildings Burned In Effort to Cover Traces of Crime

Shirley, Me., May 14.—The body of J. Wesley Allen, a prominent and prosperous farmer and member of the board of selectmen of this town, and those of his wife and 14-year-old daughter, were found lying among the smouldering embers of their home on the lonely stage road leading from Monson to Moosehead Lake.

The bodies were burned so badly that only the charred and crumbling remains of bones were left to show that human lives had been sacrificed, and there were evidences of murder at hand.

The only clue to the identity of the murderers is furnished by a man named Johnson, who reports that he had been held up early yesterday morning near Bunker Brook, a few miles from here, by four men, all of whom were intoxicated, and one of whom, at least, closely answers the description of one of the desperadoes who held up the Willimantic stage last week. These men are being searched for, and if apprehended will be held until their movements for the past few days are very fully investigated.

The greatest excitement prevails in this entire community; the stocks of arms and ammunition in the village stores have been depleted by farmers who fear a visit from the murderers, and all conversation centers about the Allen home.

The discovery that a tragedy had occurred was made by Charles Tibbetts, who, while driving down the stage road with his children to the village school, came upon the ruins of the Allen farmhouse. On looking about he saw what appeared to be the remains of a human body lying among the ruins of the barn. He then proceeded to where the house had stood, and among the debris saw pieces of charred bone. He hastened away to the nearest neighbor, three-quarters of a mile distant, and told of his discovery, and in a short time the news had spread to all sections of the town.

The remains found in the barn have been identified beyond doubt as those of Mr. Allen. The bodies found in the house were not near the sleeping apartments, and it is thus believed that the entire family were awake and not in their beds just before death came. About 25 feet from the spot where Mr. Allen's body was found, on the ground outside the barn, there were two large pools of blood, about a foot apart, and in one of these was found a quantity of gray hair the color of Mr. Allen's hair and beard.

It appears that the house and barn were burned separately, as a large pile of cut wood, which stands just to the north of the house, and between the house and barn, was not even scorched.

What time the tragedy occurred is not known to a certainty. A neighbor says he saw a reflection as of fire in the direction of the Allen house about 9 o'clock Sunday night. He thought nothing more about the matter at the time, and it did not occur to him again until the news of the death of his neighbors came to him.

Monson, Me., May 17.—Owing to his intimate acquaintance with the Allen family, and a number of circumstances, which, in the minds of officers, need an explanation, Henry Lambert, a young French-Canadian guide, was arrested at Shirley yesterday afternoon, by Deputy Sheriff Knowles, on suspicion of being connected with the murder of the Allens. The prisoner was taken to the Dover jail.

The officers are working on the theory that Lambert, while intoxicated Sunday night, went to the Allen house and had a dispute with Mr. Allen, who tried to induce him to return to the cabin, and was leading him that way until the barn was reached, when Lambert struck down the farmer. After this, the officers reach the supposition that Lambert assaulted Mrs. Allen and the daughter.

Lambert is 26 years old, illiterate, and has been in Shirley nine years.

Foster Gets Bail at Last

Boston, May 14.—George M. Foster, former cashier of the South Danvers National bank of Peabody, was released on bail yesterday afternoon, sureties to the amount of $25,000 being furnished. Foster was arrested Feb. 8, and has been in jail since that time, being unable until yesterday to provide bail. He shows no traces of his confinement.

On His Death Bed

New York, May 13.—James A. Herne, the playwright, actor and manager, who is ill at his home in this city, has had a serious relapse, and it is believed he can live only a few days more. Mr. Herne was taken ill last February while playing in Illinois and Indiana with his "Sag Harbor" company.

Barney Exceeds Requirements

Bath, Me., May 16.—The torpedo boat Barney went out on her official sea trial yesterday, and in a two hours' run made an average of 29.1 knots, against the required speed of 28 knots. The members of the trial board said that the run was satisfactory, and that the craft behaved finely.

Popular Actor Breaks Down

Boston, May 16.—Louis Aldrich, the actor, who has been the president and chief worker in the actors' fund, has broken down under nervous prostration. He came here from Atlantic City two weeks ago to secure treatment.

Young Swindler Sentenced

Portland, Me., May 16.—Frank Willey, the Salem, Mass., boy, who was arrested here several days ago, charged with obtaining money under false pretences from clergymen, was yesterday sentenced to 60 days in jail.

Death Due to Drowning

New York, May 13.—The official autopsy on the body of Willie McCormick, found in Cromwell's creek, showed that death was due to drowning. There was no indication of any violence, and the condition of the remains makes it almost certain that they had been in the water since March 27, the day the lad disappeared.

LIFE HANGS BY THREAD

Mrs. McKinley Considered Likely to Die at Any Moment

San Francisco, May 17.—Mrs. McKinley is in the shadow of the valley of death, and may pass away at any moment.

Yesterday morning, shortly before dawn, she sank rapidly, and it was feared she would die before restoratives could be administered, but she responded to the powerful heart stimulants that were given to her, and during the day improved to such an extent that hope for her recovery, slight though it was, revived. But her life hangs by a thread.

The new treatment for low vitality, salt injections into the veins, was administered to Mrs. McKinley, and she responded to the treatment. She has taken no solid food since she reached here on Sunday, and the physicians do not believe she could survive another sinking spell such as she experienced yesterday morning. She suffers little and bears up bravely. During her periods of consciousness her mind has been clear.

Every banquet and public function planned in the president's honor here has been abandoned, and the city, with heavy heart, is watching Mrs. McKinley's battle for life. If the end should come, the president and his party will be ready to start back with the remains within 24 hours.

Reveals Tragedy of Long Ago

Danby, Vt., May 15.—Some boys playing in the ruins of a house built 120 years ago, and for nearly a century a country tavern, yesterday found a skeleton and fragments of jewelry and clothing under the hearthstone of the fireplace. The older residents of the town say that on one occasion three men put up at the tavern and one disappeared after a quarrel. As the men were strangers and as the villagers had no inclination to meddle with the affairs of the tavern, the supposed murder was not inquired into. The story, however, was handed down, and is now recalled.

Woman Shot by Boarder

Holyoke, Mass., May 16.—Mrs. Helena Fearing, 28, who keeps a boarding house, was shot and seriously, if not fatally, wounded last night by Frank R. Paltz, a young Frenchman, who boarded with her. Paltz was captured directly after the shooting. No reason for the act of Platz could be learned definitely. Mrs. Fearing is a widow and has two small children, aged 9 and 6, who were taken in charge by neighbors directly after the shooting. Paltz, who can talk but little English, claims that the shooting was accidental.

Balfour's Sensational Statement

London, May 17.—In the course of a speech in the house of commons last night, Mr. Balfour made the statement that at one moment toward the end of 1899 there were in Great Britain only 2300 rounds of small arm ammunition, with no reserve of artillery ammunition except what was actually with the guns retained at home. The Liberal papers refer to Mr. Balfour's sensational statement as "an alarming indiscretion."

One Flag For All

Brockton, Mass., May 15.—Two factions of the Appomattox command, U. V. U., have had their property in the keeping of Deputy Sheriff Porter several months, by orders of the superior court. Yesterday one faction asked for the flags to use in a Memorial day parade. Judge Hardy rebuked the veterans for disagreeing, and said neither could have the flags until all agreed to march under one flag, as they did in the Civil war.

Paugassett Strike Ended

Derby, Conn., May 13.—The textile workers employed at the Paugassett mills here, who have been on a strike for two weeks, have come to an agreement with the officials of the mill and returned to work today. The strikers were granted an advance in wages some time ago, but the company refused to reinstate them as a body. At a conference, however, it was decided to allow this point.

Wielded a Razor

Springfield, Mass., May 16.—Charles J. Bloss committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor after an unsuccessful attempt to kill his wife with the same weapon, in their home on Bridge street yesterday afternoon. The tragedy was the outcome of a long debauch, which culminated in a family quarrel just before the affair took place.

Wandered Away and Died

Taunton, Mass., May 16.—A searching party yesterday found the body of Frank Hackett, aged 50, in a swamp hole about a quarter of a mile from his home. Hackett wandered away from his home on the night of May 13, clad only in his underclothing. He had been ill, which culminated in temporary insanity.

Employing Machinists Yielding

Washington, May 17.—Late advices received by President O'Connell of the International Association of Machinists indicate that above 25 percent of the employing machinists throughout the country have agreed to the demands for shorter hours and increased pay.

A Murder Indictment

Bridgeport, Conn., May 16.—The grand jury in the superior court yesterday returned an indictment of murder in the first degree against Josephine Zaratsky. The woman is accused of having strangled her child, aged 5 months.

Thousand Gallons of Beer Seized

Lewiston, Me., May 16.—Police officers yesterday seized over 1000 gallons of beer at the storehouse alleged to belong to Thomas McNamara. There were nine jigger loads. The stuff was said to be worth over $1000.

To Open Isolation Hospital

Leominster, Mass., May 16.—Up to last evening no new cases of smallpox had been reported. The board of health has decided to open an isolation hospital.

Cellar Stocked With Liquor

Portland, Me., May 14.—Liquor deputies yesterday made a descent on a boarding house here and in the cellar they found 200 half pint bottles and several jugs filled with whisky. Several barrels containing bottles of different shapes and sizes also were found. The woman in charge of the boarding house was taken into custody.

HELD IN $7500 BAIL.

Young Man Worth Thousands Held on Charges of Larceny

Waltham, Mass., May 15.—Horace J. Cheney was arraigned in court yesterday before Judge Pace on a charge of breaking and entering and larceny from the houses of E. B. Willard, W. H. Wills and L. A. Bowker. He pleaded not guilty and was held in $7500 bonds for the grand jury, his bail being placed at $2500 on each count. The three citizens whose houses he is alleged to have robbed each gave evidence as to what was taken, and each declared that they had identified articles which were found at Cheney's home as having come from their homes.

What seems strange about the case is that young Cheney is worth considerable property, $3800 having been paid him recently. Dr. H. L. Johnson, the young man's uncle, said that Cheney would receive about $15,000 as his share of his father's estate.

Last fall Cheney married a young woman of Gloucester, and had lived at Watertown since that time. Six years ago he was arrested for breaking into a knitting mill, and was sent to the Concord reformatory for some time.

Jefferson-McDonald Nuptials

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., May 13.—At his father's summer residence, William W. Jefferson, son of Joseph Jefferson, the actor, was yesterday married to Miss Christine McDonald, also of theatrical as well as lyric fame. The wedding was a quiet one, only the immediate families and some 50 or more intimate friends being present. Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson left for Boston in a special car.

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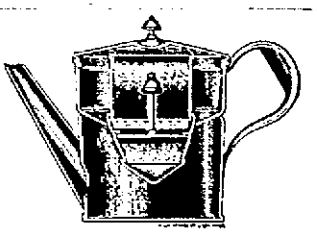

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Selected Tale.

DAVID BRUCE'S MANHOOD.

Two heads very close together under one umbrella, a cold drizzling rain above and under foot, a country road, slippery with mud and half melted snow. Not a very beautiful or romantic situation, and yet as those two trudged slowly homeward from the evening meeting at the little red schoolhouse, their hearts were too full of happy contentment to even think of the unpleasant surroundings.

"I was glad to hear you say what you did to-night, David. Your few words went straight to the heart of the subject as they always do."

It was the woman who spoke and her voice was low and pleasant, with a note of sincerity in it that gave one the comfortable assurance, that now, as under any circumstances, she meant just what she said.

With an involuntary movement the man straightened himself, and in the darkness his companion could not see the flush that deepened the color on his sunburned cheek, but she could hear and understand the shy, yet pleased protest in tone and words as he said softly.

"You're partial, Jane, nobody ever said as much as that to me before."

And as he walked home alone in the gloom after leaving his charge at her own door, he took a silent review of his life from boyhood up, ending with the half sad, half wondering, refrain: "Nobody ever said as much as that to me before."

And it was true, for from his very childhood David Bruce had lived in the atmosphere of captious faultfinding and depreciation. An only child, his parents—afraid of being over indulgent—had always taken pains to enlarge upon his faults and ignore his virtues. And when he married (the bride of their choice), his wife had followed the same depressing policy.

Had he been of a harder, more imperious type he might have successfully resisted this domestic tyranny, and risen above it by persistent self-assertion, but this it was not in the nature of the man to do. Naturally modest, peace loving and affectionate, it was easier for him to endure than to strive, and while brave and determined in any question of right and wrong, he was timid and yielding to a fault in defence of his own rights as a man.

He was by no means a fluent speaker and how often when conscientiously determined to do his duty as a churchman, he had spoken aloud the deeper thoughts of his heart in the semi-privacy of the weekly prayer meeting, his wife had poured the full vials of her scorn upon him for his faltering speech:—

"Makin' a laughing stock of yerself," was the song so persistently chanted in his ears that, but for duty's sake, he would gladly have remained silent forever.

Since his wife's death he had been spared the word of scorn for his humble efforts, but to-night for the first time had a single word of encouragement been spoken to his lonely soul. How sweet those words, coming from lips that he so fondly loved, sounded in his ear may be imagined by those who have all their lives thirsted for the helpful word that those about them thoughtlessly witheld.

There was something more than mere personal gratification in the thought that to one other human soul the struggling, lamely expressed thoughts of his heart were not only intelligible but helpful. The crushed and belated manhood within him was stirred to life and the long years of selfrepression and cowardly submission for peace's sake, were already loosening their hold upon the before unresisting victim.

"It's all Janet's doin's" remarked Mrs. Mullins, shrewdly, as she watched David and his young wife at work on the long neglected garden, laying out flower beds and pruning the overgrown rose and lilac bushes. "It's only since he's been married to her that he's dared to say his soul's his own. He always was a clever, kind hearted creature as ever lived, but he's always been kep' under from a boy up, and as f'r his first wife, Emily Ann—well, I don't hold to sayin' aught against the dead—but she was a Tartar. Why, I've seen that woman, after he'd got his flower seeds all well planted (he always was a master hand f'r flowers), let all the hens loose in the garden on purpose to scratch up the beds."

Nor was Mrs. Mullins the only one in the village who had noted and commented upon the change in their hitherto timidly compliant neighbor.

Squire Gridley, who kept the only store in the place, was one of the first to recognize the awakened manhood in the man who for years had been as he coarsely expressed it, "under his thumb." "He may kick an' rare an' prance," muttered the village tyrant, "but he can't get the bits out of 'is mouth long's I hold the reins." And he chuckled maliciously for it had long been a source of intense satisfaction to the power loving autocrat the by no means secret hold that he had upon this, one of the most thrifty and hard-working farmers in the town.

How that hold was obtained, and how year by year it had grown stronger, ever tightening its folds upon the shivering victim, was in this way:—

It was customary for the farmers in this section to devote the winters to lumbering in a small way and it was necessary for some dealer to provision their camp for the winter, trusting to the proceeds from the sale of the logs in the spring for the payment of his claim. In this way an account was opened between the merchant and the lumberman that might be carried on for years without a final settlement, the latter paying at intervals, according to the state of the lumber market or the success of his season's venture. In this way with the debt lapsing over from year to year with constantly accumulating interest the hapless debtor frequently found himself at last reduced to utter poverty by a final demand of payment from his hard creditor.

That David Bruce was one of these unfortunates was by no means his fault, unless we account the timidity that had not, for all these years, allowed him to insist upon a settlement be accounted such.

"Better let sleeping dogs lie," his wife had counselled whenever, smarting under the tyranny of his creditor, he had desperately declared his intention of having a final settlement and knowing just where he stood. "Hard words break no bones," she would say, comfortably conscious that, however poor David's honest pride might be outraged her life was sure to be an easy and sheltered one so long as things went on as at present.

And so the years drifted by with the varying fortunes that nobody better than the small lumberman of the Maine woods understands. When it was a good winter and the logs sold well in the spring, David rejoiced to pay a goodly sum towards his enfranchisement. But when the season was a poor one, when drifting snows kept his crew at work half the time shovelling out roads, or this same crew, with the uneasy instincts of their class and race took it into their heads to leave in a body before the season was half over or the logs failed to find a purchaser or any of the hundred and one drawbacks that beset the lumberman assailed him then the payment was necessarily small and Gridley took no pains to conceal his sense of power over the unfortunate debtor.

"You may thank me, David," he would say, with grim humor, "that you've got a roof over yer head. For if t'wan't for my bein' one o' the best natured men that ever lived I'd been down on ye long afore now and left ye as naked as ye come into the world."

And David believing him, shuddered with the dread that a home loving man, bound heart and soul to the soil that his forefathers have tilled for generations, feels for that heritage, however humble it may be.

"It is always better to know the worst than to live in dread of possible evils." This was Janet's brave counsel and the man's better nature was not slow to respond to her helpful words.

"I'll have that settlement with Gridley right off," he said, and there was a ring of manly determination in his tones that brought a proud smile to his wife's lips.

"That will be the wisest thing that you can do," she said gently. Yet, well as she knew him, she could not know of the strength and courage imparted by her brave spirit to his own fearful one.

There was always a crowd of loafers in Gridley's store during the long, cool evenings of the early fall and every matter of public interest, from the election of a postmaster down to the latest addition to the minister's family was freely discussed by all and usually settled by the autocratic ultimatum of the presiding genius himself.

Tonight there was a lively discussion in regard to the choice of a sheriff for the county and the assembled farmers grew warmer over the debate than they had ever been in the July hayfields and slow spoken men were suddenly endowed with the gift of tongues and argued with wonderful fluency and disregard of the queen's English in behalf of a favorite candidate whose face was to them, in most cases, that of an utter stranger.

David had listened or seemed to listen to all of their noisy debate, but, although he had his own choice in the matter, he was but a half-hearted partisan. His own interests just then were naturally uppermost in his mind, and he was rather impatiently waiting an opportunity to speak aside to the storekeeper in regard to his meditated settlement.

Suddenly Gridley addressed him in a more than usually dictatorial tone, for he, too, was flushed and excited with the contention.

"You'll vote for Crane, David, of course?"

David looked the speaker full in the face as he said calmly:—

"No, I don't think Crane is the man for the place; I shall vote for Wiswell."

"The more fool you!" shouted the irate Gridley, so astonished at being thus openly bearded by his usually submissive thrall that he lost his temper completely, and with it his ordinary caution.

"You'll vote as I tell you!" he cried, "or I'll strip you of every cent you've got in the world. You're under my thumb, and you know it, and——"

He caught sight of the grinning faces of the men, and tried, but lamely, to turn his threat into a jest.

"You an' me's always traveled in the same harness, you know, for so many years, that I wouldn't a thought you'd kicked over the traces at this late day."

He tried to smile, but there was no smile on David's face as he said, in calm, clear voice that sounded strangely distinct in the sudden silence that had fallen upon the group of listening neighbors—

"Yes, Gridley, I suppose you're telling me the truth when you say that you can strip me of all I have in the world—that is, in dollars and cents—but you can't strip me of my manhood any longer. I've been a coward long enough, crouching before your threats, and I don't propose to bear it any longer. When can you have my account ready? I want to settle right off and know just where you and I stand."

The storekeeper glared at him a moment in speechless astonishment, and then he muttered half reluctantly:—

"Come in tomorrow afternoon, and we'll settle up, if you say so."

And then something strange happened, something that never before had been witnessed under that autocratic roof. The whole crowd of men broke into one united, rousing cheer, that made the tin pans on the topmost shelf fairly white with rage.

"Three cheers for David Bruce, for the man that ain't afraid to—to—beard the lion in his den," ventured a pinched, despondent-looking man near the stove. And the cheers were given with a will.

David Bruce's declaration of independence had kindled a flame in the breasts of those long-suffering men, not one of whom had not felt the grip of unseen manacles upon his helpless wrists—that would not easily be extinguished. And more than one "God speed" followed him as he went out into the darkness of the night, sad, but determined to meet the worst that the morrow might bring.

"It was the strangest thing, Janet—why, I could hardly believe it," and the strong man sank into a chair by his own fireside, and suddenly burst into tears, whether of sorrow or joy his anxious wife could not know.

"Never mind, dear," and she laid her cheek caressingly against the bowed head, while her hand sought his in a strong, reassuring clasp.

"If the farm has to go we have each other, and we can be happy in my own little cottage all by ourselves. I'll take up my dressmaking, again, and with your abilities you can soon find something to do. Any how, it's ten times better than to have that burden of debt hanging over us from year to year, and making you practically a slave to a hard master like Tom Gridley."

As she ceased speaking he looked up with a glad smile shining through the tears, and a look on his face that she never forgot, a look of such intense thankfulness, of a wordless thanksgiving that few men in a lifetime can know the full meaning of.

"We haven't lost the farm, Janet," he said slowly, as if only half convinced himself of the glad truth of his words. "When we came to settle up our accounts we found that instead of being over head and ears in debt to Gridley, he owed me—what do you think?—one dollar and sixty-five cents."

What a stupendous joke it was! And the now free man and his happy little wife laughed so merrily that a listener would have thought them two carefree children to whom debts and duns and possible poverty were but words in an unknown tongue, matters as far apart from their own lives as the war in Africa or the explorations in the Arctic regions.

And the manhood of David Bruce, thus manfully asserted, went farther to reassure his fellow bondmen, and encourage them to claim their right to think and speak as free men, regardless of the frowns of the rich or the threats of the powerful, than all the stirring utterances of poet, philanthropist, or party leader.

A man's a man when he shows himself of a manly spirit, and his world, be it large or small, will accept him accordingly.—Mrs. H. G. Rowe, in Portland Transcript.

Substitute For the Saloon.

Whatever the effects of prohibition may be on political agents, experience goes to show that a law aimed at the evils of drinking generally overshoots the mark and hits feebly, if at all, the manufacturing brewer. To take the saloons away from a man who wants to drink does not, in my opinion, reform his views or make it appreciably harder for him to get what he wants to drink. In addition, it does not take into account the man who all his life has been accustomed to the use of alcoholic beverages without any visible harm to himself, his prospects, or his family, and has a tolerably well-grounded belief that it is his right to do so if he chooses, whether it is in the back room of a saloon or at his own table.

One naturally turns, as public opinion seems to be turning, from the theory of prohibition to the question of a substitute for the saloon, which, shorn of its bad influences, will retain the social features that appeal to working-men in their times of idleness and relaxation. Considerations of this sort, assuming that the saloon is the workingman's club, and that environment and a desire for social satisfactions drive or coax men to their drinking-places, is somewhat new, but already thinking men of the human sort are discussing it, and it is along this line that we may expect development, at least in our large cities.

But one does not get very far in his consideration of the substitute before he encounters difficulties which bid fair to create violent partisanship and more or less feeling. You can substitute for the saloon warm, comfortable buildings, reading-rooms, billiards and pool games ad lib., but will your substitution of coffee or tea for beer attract the men you want to reach who insist on having beer? Are you compromising with the devil if you give them beer?—Scribner's.

On Her Anniversary.

She sat on the top step, a rueful little object in the noon sunshine. Even the postman pitied her.

"Sick?"

"No. Only sorry."

"What's up?"

"It's my birthday. I'm four."

The postman shouted with glee, but she looked soberly sadder than before.

"Don't like to be four, eh? Don't feel well, eh?"

"Yes, I feel well. But I'm hungry."

"Had breakfast?"

"No. Nurse is away at her wedding, and cook's cross. Mamma's making me a sweet little dress for my party tonight, and I'm not bothering her. There'll be things to eat at the party and I'm going."

"Where's brother?"

"Brother's making me a jumping-jack for my present, and he slapped me because I peeked."

"More blessed to give than to receive," mused the postman. "And so you haven't had no food, eh?"

"Oh, yes, I haven't not had nothing. I've had a piece of bread and an icicle!"—Boston Transcript.

Ready to Start.

A lecturer in a California town had in his audience a lank young man who drank in every word with flattering avidity, and whose eyes bulged with delight at the pictures thrown on the screen.

As the evening wore on, the lecturer got into the habit of looking at this entranced listener, and after a while had almost the feeling that the lecture was intended for him alone.

This evidently was the idea which possessed the lank young man as well, for when the lecturer said:

"And now I will ask you to go with me two miles into the jungle," he sprang to his feet.

"Anywhere you say, mister," he shouted, with kindling eyes, "if you can just hold on long enough for me to cut home and get my gun!"

Unsatisfactory.

"I'm goin' to leave, mum," announced the housemaid to her mistress.

"Why, I've been doing half your work myself in order to induce you to stay," replied the lady. "Isn't that enough?"

"Yes'm," answered the girl. "But your half ain't done to suit me."—Chicago News.

Unavoidable.

"Why do you wander aimlessly from place to place?" inquired the philanthropist.

"Well," answered Meandering Mike, "eight hours sleep is enough fur anybody. An' we've gotter do somet'ing wit' de other sixteen hours, ain't we?"—Washington Star.

In a school for colored children there was a little boy who would persist in saying "have went."

The teacher kept him in one night, and said:

"Now while I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times."

When the teacher came back he looked at the boy's paper, and there was "have gone fifty times." On the other side was written, "I have went home."—Christian Endeavor World.

Hungry Hank—I'd like t' hav' holt o' de feller wot mailed me dis communicashun.

Layaround Lucus—Wot is it?

Hungry Hank—An inducement to' take de putty-fat cure. Ohio State Journal.

It takes a brave man to face a dentist, and even then the dentist can take the nerve out of him.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

All Sorts.

She. Don't you think Painter is clever with the brush?

He. Yes; I notice that the heels of his shoes always seem to be as well polished as the rest of them.

Hewitt—I don't understand what Gruet can see in the girl he is to marry.

Jewett—Love is blind, you know.

Hewitt—Well, love will have to be deaf and dumb, too, if he gets along with her.

Regge. I heard papa say the other day that labor is sweet and noble.

Mamma. So it is, Regge.

Regge. Then, mamma, why does papa hire a man to cut the grass while he sits on the verandah and only looks on?

"Doesn't it make you furious when another man runs into you on his wheel?"

"Not if he gets sufficiently bruised."

He. You women have such a ridiculous habit of screaming "Oh" on every occasion.

She. And you men have such a ridiculous habit of saying "I" on every occasion.

"Daughter, that young Perkins who comes here seems a very patient admirer."

"Oh, yes, pa; he's awfully patient—but he isn't a bit persevering."

"Smithers, is as good a fish liar as anybody I know. I told him an awful whopper the other night, but he matched it right away."

"How?"

"He said he believed me."

Out of the Depths.

Larry Peppard fell in an old well in Cincinnati the other day, and his working mate, James Cavanaugh, called down to him:

"Are yez there, Larry?"

"Shure, an' Oi'm not on top."

"Are wez hurted, Larry?"

"Jist a little skin is scruped off."

"Say, Larry, dis big sthone is liable to fall on yez any minnit."

"For hiven's sake, raymove it. I see shtars from here, but I don't want 'em to git closter."

"Are yez wet?"

"No, yez soiled gorsoon. Oi'm as dhry as a Prohibition convention."

Finally a rope was lowered to Larry. He tied it under his arms and he was drawn to daylight.—New York Tribune.

Cause for Joy.

Uncle Geehaw (of Hay Corners, L. I.)—Wall, there's one consolation fer not bein' somebody great, M'riah!

Aunt Geehaw. What's that, 'Joshaway?

Uncle Geehaw. Why, we've allus had our health, while, accordin' tew the patent medicine advertisements in the newspapers, 'bout everybody that amounts tew anything hez been cured of some incurable disease er other, er been benefited by takin' all sorts of medicines.—Brooklyn Eagle.

One of Time's Changes.

"No," said the man with the big diamond, "the saloon business is not what it used to be."

"Still, some saloon men seem to be pretty prosperous," suggested the man on the other side of the bar.

"Oh, yes," admitted the man with the diamond, "they are successful in a way, but in these days a man may be in the business for ten or fifteen years without even a chance of becoming an Alderman."—Chicago Post.

Extreme Caution.

"What a splendid array of water colors," remarked the caller. "But have you no oil paintings at all?"

"Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Nuritch. "I don't consider them safe."

"Not safe? How do you mean?"

"In case of fire, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Would Stand the Expense.

Old Amos Hitchup. Jim, I've fetched my new wife up fer to have her pictur' took.

Country Photographer. All right. Full length or bust?

Old Amos Hitchup. Yep, the hull full length. If the machine busts I'll pay for it.—Judge.

On the Safe Side.

"So Holleritt is going to Europe to finish his vocal studies?"

"Yes; I guess he began to think, from the way the neighbors were acting, that if he stayed here he would see his finish too soon."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I never realized," said the new benedict, "until I got married what blessings life holds."

"I can understand that," replied the sour old bachelor. "They say 'blessings brighten as they take their flight.'"—Philadelphia Press.

The lowliest people of all the world are the miners of Bohemia, at least their dwellings would so indicate. Many of them live at a point 2,000 feet below the level of the sea.

When a married daughter comes home on a visit, she calculates every time she sees one of her sister's garments how it would make over for one of her children.

A hairdresser says that an old silk handkerchief is much better to use in stroking the hair night and morning than a brush.

The Boston postmaster thinks all the big postoffices in the country should be supplied with a government physician.

Nasal CATARRH.

CATARRH

COLD IN HEAD

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Boots !

Calf Boots,

Kip Boots,

Grain Boots,

Felt Boots,

Wool Boots,

Rubber Boots,

at our usual moderate prices, at

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Pain-Killer

For Cuts Burns Bruises

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It is a sure, safe and quick remedy.

There's ONLY ONE

Pain-Killer

Perry Davis'.

Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts.,

New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many years with the above Firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

Yours truly,

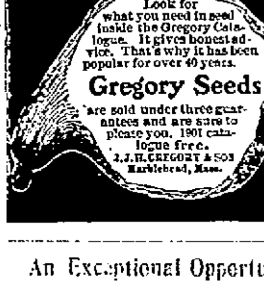
C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. Army & Navy Tablet Co.,

17 East 14th St, N. Y. City.

10 and 25 cents per package, at all druggists.

Seeds Within



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JOHN VARS,

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OF MASON WORK,

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Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

Fall River Line.

For New York, the South and West,

IN EFFECT MAY 1st, 1901.

Steamers PRISCILLA and PILGRIM in commission.

A fine orchestra on each.

Leave Newport week days and Sundays 9:15 p. m. Due New York 7 a. m.

Returning—From New York, steamers leave Pier 19, N. R., foot of Warren St., week days and Sundays, at 5:30 p.m. Eastward steamers touch at Newport, remaining there until 8:45 a. m. before proceeding to Fall River.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York and Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent.

J. N. KING, Agent, Newport, R. I.

O. H. TAYLOR, General Pass'r Agent, N. Y

Newport & Wickford

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect November 1, 1900.

Leave

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Newport	*10 00	*1 20	*4 10	*7 35
Providence ar	11 50	3 18	5 50	9 50
Boston, ar	1 18	1 10	7 10	11 00
New York	4 50	6 57	11 00	B
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Leave

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
New Y'k	*12 02	*5 00	*10 02	*1 02
Boston	——	10 13	1 03	3 00
Prov.	——	11 11	2 10	4 15
Newp't, ar	6 25	1 00	4 00	6 40
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Daily except Sundays.

BWashington Express due Harlem River Station, New York, 2.05 a. m., Philadelphia, 6.40 a. m.; Baltimore, 9.20 a. m.; Washington, 10.32 a. m.

For Tickets and Drawing room chairs apply at Steamer General, Commercial wharf, or at the Transfer Co.'s office, 20 Bellevue avenue.

C. U. COFFIN. Agent. Newport.

Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company.

Commencing May 5.

Leave Newport for

PROVIDENCE

Week days 8 a. m. Sundays 8.30 a. m. Leave Providence for Newport, week days, 4 p. m. Sundays, 8 p. m.

Excursion Tickets, 90 cents.

Sundays, Excursion Tickets, 60c.

Stop at Prudence Mondays and Saturdays only each way. Stop at Conanicut Mondays only each way.

B. BUFFUM, Supt. Transportation.

ARTHUR H. WATSON, President.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

ON and after May 1st, 1901, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, TERMINAL STATION, week days, 7.00, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, e9.15 p. m. Return 6.12, 8.48, 10.42 a. m., 12.48, 3.48, 4.48, a6.00, 6.42 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, e9.15 p. m. PORTSMOUTH GROVE (flag stop), 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, p. m. BRISTOL FERRY, TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 7.00, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, e9.15 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 7.00, 8.20, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. HYANNIS, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 8.00 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Northern Division, 8.20, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. LOWELL, 11.00 a. m., 3 p. m. COTTAGE CITY, 11.00 a. m. PROVIDENCE, 7.00, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, p. m.

SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.15 a. m., 12.27, 1.28 a6.00 p. m. For PROVIDENCE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. For PORTSMOUTH GROVE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village, and Taunton, 7.00, 11 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, e9.15 p. m. New Bedford, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 5 p. m.

aBoat from Fall River

eWharf Station.

A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt, Boston.

C. PETER CLARK Gen'l Sup't. Boston.

OFFICIAL TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 15, 1900.

Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company.

Leave Newport—**7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, *6.45, 7.15, *7.45, 8.15, 9.15, *10.15, *11.15 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Newport—***6.30, **6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45, 11.45 a. m., 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, †*10.45 p. m.

***To Portsmouth and return.

**Not run Sundays.

*To Portsmouth only.

More frequent trips will be run Sundays and holidays.

Office at Portsmouth, R. I., is connected with long distance telephone. Special cars may be had upon application at the office of this company or at the office of the Globe Street Railway Co., at Fall River.

R. S. GOFF, General Manager.

Reduction in price of

COKE.

DELIVERED;

Prepared, 36 bushels for $3.50

Common, 36 bushels for $3.00

AT WORKS:

Prepared, $8.00 per 100 bushels

Common, $6.00 per 100 bushels

ORDERS LEFT AT

181 Thames Street,

receive prompt attention.

NEWPORT GAS LIGHT CO.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

MIDY

Sold by all Druggists.

HAVING PURCHASED THE

Shop and Good Will

—OF—

Mr. Lewis Skinner,

ON FERRY WHARF.

Should be pleased to notify the public that I shall carry on the business in connection with my present stand on Commercial wharf.

ALL HORSESHOEING

—AND—

JOBBING

promptly attended to at either place.

J. B. BACHELLER.

The Jiners.

She was forty-five years old, well dressed, had black hair, rather thin and tinged with gray, and eyes in which gleamed the fire of a determination not to be easily balked. She walked into Major Huse's office in Pattern's block, and requested a private interview, and having obtained it, and satisfied herself that the law students were not listening at the key-hole, said slowly, solemnly and impressively, "I want a divorce."

"What for? I supposed you had one of the best of husbands," said the Major.

"I 'spose that's what everybody thinks; but if they knew what I've suffered in ten years, they'd wonder I hadn't scaded him long ago. I ought to, but for the sake of the young ones, I've borne it and said nothing. I've told him, though, what he might depend on, and now the time's come, I won't stand it, young ones or no young ones. I'll have a divorce; and if the neighbors want to blab themselves hoarse about it, they can, for I won't stand it another day."

"But what's the matter? Don't your husband provide for you? Don't he treat you kindly?" pursued the lawyer.

"We get victuals enough, and I don't know but he's as true and kind as men in general; and he's never knocked none of us down. I wish he had, then I'd get him into jail and know where he was at night," retorted the woman.

"Then, what's your complaint against him?"

"Well, if you must know, he's one of them plaguey jiners."

"A what?"

"A jiner; one them pesky fools that's always jining something. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden but he'll jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in; and if they had to pay to get in, he'd go all the sooner. We hadn't been married more'n two months before he jined the Know Nothings. We lived on a farm then, and every Saturday night he'd come tearin' in before supper, and grab a fistful of nutcakes and go off gnawing 'em, and that's the last I'd see of him till morning. And every other night in the week he'd roll and tumble in his sleep, and holler, "Put none but Americans on guard—George Washington;" and rainy days he'd go out in the corn-barn and jab at the picture of the pope with an old bayonet that was there; I ought to have put my foot down then; but he fooled me with so many lies about the pope's coming to make all the Yankee girls marry Irishmen, and to eat up all the babies that wasn't born with a cross on their foreheads, that I let him go on and encouraged him in it.

"Then he jined the Masons. P'raps you know what them be, but I don't, 'cept they think they're the same kind of critters that built Solomon's temple and took care of his households; and all of that darned nonsense and gab 'bout worshipful masters and square and compass and such like, that we had in the house for the next six months you never see the beat. And he's never outgrown it, nuther. What do you think of a man, 'Squire, that'll dress hisself in a white apron, 'bout big enough for a monkey's bib, and go marchin' up and down, makin' motions and talkin' the foolishest lingo at a picture of George Washington in a green jacket and a truss on his stomach? Ain't he a loony-tick? Well, that's my Sam; an' I stood it as long as I'm goin' to.

The next lunge the fool made was into the Odd Fellows. I made it warm for him when he came home and told me he had jined them; but he kinder pacified me by telling me they had a sort of branch show that took in women, and he'd get me in as soon as he found out how to do it. Well, one night he came home and said I'd been proposed and some one had blackballed me. Did it hisself, of course. Didn't want me round, knowing his goings on. Of course he didn't an' I told him so.

"Then he jined the Sons of Malta. Didn't say nothing to me about it, but he sneaked off one night pretendin' he'd got to sit up with a sick Odd Feller, and I'd never found it out only he come home looking like a man that had been through a thrashing machine, and I wouldn't do a thing for him till he owned up. And so it's gone from bad to wuz, and from wuz to wuzzer, jinin' this, that and t'other, till he's Worshipful Minister of the Masons, and Goddess of Hope of the Odd Fellows, and Sword Swallower of the Finnigans, and Virgin Ceres of the Grange, and Grand Mogul of the Sons of Indolence, and Two-edged Tomahawk of the United Order of Black Men, and Talebearer of the Merciful Manikins, and Skipper of the Guild of Catherine Columbus, and Big Wizard of the Arabian Knights, Pledge-passer of the Reform Club, and Chief Bulger of the Irish Machinists, and Purse-keeper of the Canadian Conscience, and Double-barrelled Dictator of the the Knights of the Brass Circles, and Standard-bearer of the Royal Archangels, and Sublime Porte of Union League, and Chambermaid of the Celestial Cherubs, and Puissant Potentate of the Petrified Pigstickers, and the Lord only knows what else. I've borne it, and borne it, hoping to get 'em all jined after a while, but 'tain't no use, and when he come home last night and told me he got into a new one, and been made Grand Guide of the Nights of Horror, I told him I'd quit, and I will."

Here the major interrupted, saying "Well, your husband is pretty well initiated, that's a fact; but the court will hardly call that good cause for a divorce. The most of the socities you mention are composed of honorable men, and have excellent reputations. Many of them, though called lodges, are relief associations and mutual insurance companies, which, if your husband should die, would take care of you, and which would not see you or him suffer if you were sick."

"See me suffer when I'm sick? Take care of me when he's dead? Well, I guess not; I can take care of myself when he's dead; and if I can't I can get another. There's plenty of 'em, and they needn't bother themselves when I'm sick, either. If I want to be sick and suffer, it's none of their business; especially after all the suffering I've had when I ain't sick, because of their carryings-on. And you needn't try and make me believe that it's all right, either. I know what it is to live with a man who jines so many lodges that he don't never lodge at home, and signs his name, 'Yours truly, Sam Smith, M. M., I. O. O. F., K. O. B., K. of P., P. of H., R. A. H. I. P. K. of X., N. C., L. E. T., H. E. R., R. I. P., X. Y. Z.,' etc."

"Oh, that's a harmless amusement," remarked Mr. Huse.

She looked at him square in the eye and said, "I believe you are a jiner yourself."

He admitted that he was to a certain extent.

And she rose and said, "I wouldn't have thought it. A man like you, chairman of a Sabbath school, and superintendent of the Republicans! It's enough to make a woman take pizen. But I don't want anything of you. I want a lawyer that don't belong to nobody nor nothin'." And she bolted out of the office, and inquired where Capt. Patten kept.

Hawaii's Lake of Fire.

There is only one vapor; sulphurous fumes that float up and obscure the distance, and go up into the skies. But as the twilight begins, fires come out and the space is edged with fire that sometimes colors the clouds of vapor. At one side, continues Jean La Farge in Scribner's Magazine for May, a small cone stands up, and burns with an eye of red fire. From time to time the opening spits out to one side a little, vicious blotch of fire. The clouds of vapor rise so as to blur the distance, but near by the rocks are clear enough, and either black, or farther off where they are cliffs, are greenish yellow with sulphur. Sizes become uncertain. I could swear that this lake was a thousand feet long and the cliffs were five hundred feet high; but Awoki and the guide, walking along, reduce the lake to real proportions. Then it is only a small lake of some hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, perhaps. But the impression still remains—and is so thrown out of reference. The hole is so uncanny; the sky above, purple in the yellow of the afterglow, and partly covered with the yellowish tone of the ruddish vapor, looks high up above us. I sit (and sketch) on the absurd rocks, and then we wait for something to happen. It has become night; we determine to give up hope of the breaking up of the lake, and we start. We have lanterns, but gradually these go out and we have only one that has to be cherished, and we scramble along. By and by we halt, and looking back see greater lights, and the guide says that the lake has broken out. Still we are disinclined to return on the chance, for the vapors exaggerate everything; and after much scrambling we get back to the edge of the crater, after a seven hours' tramp. As we go up the ascent the fire seems larger, and our host and the guides say that there is some breaking out. Still we are in doubt; we are disappointed and tired. And still I should not go back unless the most extraordinary conflagration occurred. Besides the undefined terror and spookiness of the thing, there is great boredom. There is nothing to take hold of, as it were—no centre of fire and terror—only inconvenience and a faint fear of one thing—but what?

God's Kindness.

When we recall what God has given us in excess of all necessity for the purpose of pleasing us, let us remember that we have taken but the first and lowest step leading up to a vast and glorious subject. If God has done so much for us here on earth, what will He not do for us hereafter in heaven? If God is so generous now, what will He be in the world to come? The eye looks forth upon the streams and meadows and trees, and up to the skies, all so full of beauty, and reports that these material images are employed to describe that better country which is reserved as our eternal home. That heavenly world is not described in the dull lines of didactic prose. All the pleasant things in the universe are made to complete the promise of that ultimate enjoyment. Now it is a landscape—green pastures, still waters, the tree of life with leaf and fruit—every image of contentment and delight. Now rises an imperial city—its gates of pearl, its foundations of precious stones, its streets of gold, and all the nations pouring their gold into it. Now it is our Father's house with many mansions; a festive board, with immeasured plenty; with songs of joy and garlands of gladness upon the head.—Rev. William Adams in Universalist.

Unclaimed Moneys.

Nearly every bank of old establishment has on deposit sums of unclaimed money. The aggregate of all these sums, if they could be told, would astonish the world. These moneys in the Bank of England are estimated variously, some placing the aggregate amount at less than $500,000 and some at many times that sum. In the Bank of England, as in all banks in this country and in England, the total amount is made up of small sums. According to law, the Bank of England should give public access to the list of such lost moneys, whereas it never does anything of the sort. When challenged, it invites legal action, but no one cares for a legal contest with the Bank of England, so the question never is faced.

How do these unclaimed moneys accumulate? Largely through the omission of stockholders to claim dividends and through the fact that many people die without leaving behind them a strict account of their investments.

The Gentle Beggar.

"I'm hungry, sir," said the beggar. "Won't you give me enough to get a meal?"

"Here, my good man," said Mr. Pompus, "here's a penny for you."

"Oh! thank you, sir. By the way, have you got a pepsin tablet about you? I always get dyspepsia when I overeat myself."—Philadelphia Press.

A Model Relative.

"I reckon Bobby's got a letter from his uncle."

"Shouldn't wonder. He's allus been purty kind to Bobby."

"Yes; he's the sort of feller that promises to give a boy a lot of presents if he's good, an' gives 'em to him anynow."—Puck.

"You don't expect to be famous?" said the pugilist.

"I had entertained ambitions in that direction," said the young author.

"But you don't do anything but write."

"It is my writing that I depend on."

"Nonsense! The idea of a man expecting to get famous by sitting down and wiggling his fingers over a piece of paper all day! It is absurd."

Church—I see by the papers that Aguinaldo is buying diamonds.

Gotham—It is remarkable how soon after a man gets to be an American he takes an interest in base ball.—Yonkers Statesman.

He was hungry and in funds.

"Waiter, here's a dollar. Now suggest a good dinner for me."

Waiter (in a serious whisper)—Go to some other restaurant, sir.—Philadelphia Times.

The King Rode a Race.

The King has been much more consistently successful with his yachts than with his horses. He first won the Queen's Cup—the Derby of the yachting world—with his schooner Hildegarde in 1877. He won the cup again in 1880 with the Formosa, and repeated the feat twice subsequently—in 1895 and 1897—with the famous Britannia, one of the finest boats ever turned out from a shipyard. The King became Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1882, and has seldom been absent from the annual dinner which the famous club holds at West Cowes. This festivity is the great event of the year for all yachtsmen. A few years ago his Majesty presented twenty-one cannon to the club house at Cowes. They were taken by him from the Royal Adelaide, the toy-warship placed by William IV. to guard the artificial ocean of Virginia Water. Now they are used for firing salutes. The King's name has always been associated so prominently with shooting, racing, and yachting, that many people are apt to forget his connection with other forms of sport. As a matter of fact, it would be difficult to mention any single pastime of which the King does not possess a practical knowledge, and to which he has not devoted himself with more or less success. When in 1893 the King, as Prince of Wales, took to golfing at Cannes while recovering from the accident to his knee, it was announced in several papers that he was being initiated into the mysteries of the royal and ancient game. This was a complete mistake. He had received his initiation long before. Forty two years ago, when an undergraduate at Edinburgh University, his Majesty used frequently to go down with some of his friends to golf at Musselburgh, and only discontinued the practice owing to the enormous crowds that used to gather on the links whenever he was playing. Two of the clubs which were used by his Majesty at the time are now in the possession of Mr. Robert Anderson, of Prince Street, Edinburgh, and are to be shown at the forthcoming golf exhibition in Glasgow. In June, 1863, the King became patron of the Royal and Ancient Club, and in the following September he was elected captain, thus becoming the holder of the Royal Adelaide medal and the silver club. In the grounds of Balmoral there is a small golf course, where, it is reasonable to suppose, the King has sometimes "driven" and "putted."

Quick Eaters.

"Have you any idea," remarked the cashier of one of the largest lunch restaurants in New York, "how many minutes the average down town business man devotes to his midday meal?"

"At a venture," answered the reporter, watching the hurried play of knives and forks about him, "I should say 15 minutes."

"You set about the time usually estimated," returned the cashier, "but in reality half that time would be nearer right. The average time consumed for lunch by the patrons of this establishment is just 'eight minutes. The fact is," continued the cashier after the reporter had ventured a foreboding for New York digestion, "people find it such a trifling and unobtrusive matter just to get 'a bite of lunch' that few realize what a gigantic business it is merely to supply hungry people down town at noon, because few bring their lunches with them, and from the formation of the city none can go home.

"This establishment feeds 3,000 people a day, and the amount of food required to care for that patronage is enormous. For example, when we put hash on the 'specials' enough is made up actually to fill a wagon. We are not the largest lunchroom, however."

Freak Clock.

An ingenious Frenchman named Le Boullat, who lives at Coutances, has made himself famous for the curious clocks he manufactures. He can make a clock out of almost any conceivable metal. Straw and paper are among the raw materials he uses. For 20 years he has been manufacturing freak clocks and most Frenchmen who want something out of the common in that line apply to Le Boullat.

A while ago he turned a lot of newspapers into pulp, mixed it with a hardening substance and carved the clock out of the compound. Even the wheels and all the machinery of the clock were made of this material. Naturally this curious clock does not keep very correct time, but the wonder is that it goes at at all. The newspaper clock is one of Mr. Le Boullat's latest triumphs.

Another of his designs appear to be merely a collection of large and small sticks held together by wires. It is only upon close inspection that one sees that it is a clock constructed on excellent principles. It keeps very fair time, never varying more than two minutes in a week.

Drawing Distinction.

"Somebody has been pulling the door bell out by the roots and breaking the windows again," said the man with a fierce look in his eye.

"But we can't tell who did it," answered his wife.

"There is just the difficulty. If it was our own children it is simply a boyish prank. But if it was the neighbor's children they ought to be arrested."—Washington Star.

Rain.

Juno, the ox-eyed Queen of Olympus, insisted that it would certainly make talk.

"Why," exclaimed she impatiently, "since those outre wet weather skirts came in you've hardly stopped raining long enough to take your meals, actually!"

Jupiter Pluvius, thus addressed, affected a laugh, but inwardly he was afflicted with much disquietude by reason of the jealous watchfulness of his beautiful wife.—Detroit Journal.

Trust in God.

Trust your Heavenly Father at any cost, and when heart and flesh fail still bid your soul to hope in God and buoy it up with the assurance that it shall yet praise Him "for the help of His countenance." God is good when He gives, but better when he keeps in order to give an accumulated blessing—heaped up, pressed down and running over—into the bosom of His child in whom patience has had her perfect work.—F. B. Meyer.

There is at least this to be said to the credit of whiskey: It never looks you up; it will let you alone if you let it alone. Gossip hunts you up whether you are in the game or not.—Atchison Globe.

Women's Dep't.

The Victory in New York.

The New York Legislature celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Lexington in the most appropriate way, by carrying out to a fitter conclusion the good old revolutionary principle that there should be no taxation without representation. On April 19, while Boston was ringing bells and keeping holiday in honor of the victory 126 years ago, the New York Senate passed by a vote 27 to 14 the bill empowering women who pay taxes in townships and villages to vote on all propositions to raise money by bond or assessment. This bill had passed the lower House in three successive Legislatures by heavy majorities—one year unanimously—but hitherto had always failed in the Senate.

New York is the third State to give tax-paying women the right to vote upon questions of taxation. Montana was the first, Louisiana the second. Montana came into the Union as a State in 1889. Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone and Mary A. Livermore, as officers of the American W. S. A., addressed to every member of the constitutional convention an earnest appeal to incorporate equal suffrage in the constitution of the new State. The plea was warmly urged by progressive men and women of Montana, and Henry B. Blackwell went out and spoke before the constitutional convention in behalf of the measure. The convention refused women full suffrage, but gave tax-paying women the right to vote upon all questions submitted to the tax-payers.

In 1898, a number of influential Louisiana women went before the constitutional convention of that State to ask for full suffrage, and by their request Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt was allowed to address the convention. The convention refused full suffrage, but gave tax-paying women the right to vote upon all questions submitted to the tax-payers. In both Montana and Louisiana, the concession is broader than in New York, since it applies to all tax-paying women, in cities as well as in towns.

The New York law is only the extension to towns and villages throughout the State of a right which the women of seven cities of the third class had already had for years under special municipal charters, and which had shown no tendency to overturn the foundations of society. In answering the dire predictions of the "Antis", the New York suffragists did not appeal to the experience of Australia, New Zealand, or our Southern or Western States; they could point to that of seven cities right in their own State.

Remembering the many years of laborious seed-sowing done in New York by Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, thousands of suffragists all over the country are rejoicing that the victory in the Empire State has come while these two brave pioneers are still alive to see it and be glad of it.

Gov. Odell has signed the bill, and it is now law. The "New York Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage for Women" put forth its utmost efforts to defeat it, and flooded the Legislature with "Anti" documents; but the spirit of progress was too strong.

It is pleasant, and not a little funny, to see now how many newspapers now find that there are strong reasons for giving women tax-payers a vote upon questions of taxation. Truly, "Nothing succeeds like success!"

Miss Edith Marean, assistant secretary of Radcliffe College, has been giving at the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union a series of talks to working girls, taking each time as her subject the life of some woman who had to struggle with great difficulties and succeeded in overcoming them. Dorothea Dix, "Sister Dora" and half a dozen other women of strong and beneficent lives have been thus presented. The talks have proved popular, from forty to sixty girls usually attending.

In San Francisco the authorities have taken action against the slavery of Chinese girls by arresting a number of the girls and preparing to send those who have not certificates back to China. Anything that tends to make the slave trade unprofitable is a blow at the business, but the persons who really ought to be arrested are the slave-dealers, not their victims.

Mrs. S. P. Mitchell, the oldest resident of Fayette, Mo., now in her one-hundreth year, has never ridden on a railway. When the first train passed through Fayette over the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad, she went down to look at it. She vowed that she would never ride in one of "them wagons" for anything in the world, and she has kept her word. It is safe to say that this lady is an opponent of woman suffrage.

Lady Curzon's Hospital Fund for South Africa obtained large gifts of seeds from leading nurserymen. These were sent out and planted in a garden at each Base hospital. Hence vegetables were produced which were of incalculable value as health preservatives, and which the authorities say would have cost them $20,000 to buy, had they been for sale, but as a matter of fact they could not have been got for love or money.

Forethought.

"Your letters to me," said the affianced bride one day, "are so cold and formal."

"Surely, my dear," exclaimed the literary celebrity, stung by her reproach, "when they are published after my death they will be found to be models of composition, breathing the most exalted sentiments and couched in absolutely correct English."—Chicago Tribune.

There was a modicum of sense in the response to a request made by a young lady as to what would keep her hands white and soft, "Soak your hands three times daily in dishwater while mother rests on the sofa."—Boston Transcript.

The manuscripts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are in many cases almost illegible on account of the fading of the ink. At that time the lampblack inks passed out of use and chemical inks became popular.

The Sicilian woman is generally illiterate and is proud of being so. In native parlance such a one "sees with two eyes only." Those who can read are said to see with four eyes.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Spinsters in Clover.

In Denmark there's a premium on spinsterhood. A celibacy insurance company has been founded, and between an insurance policy and a husband a Danish maiden's heart is rent with indecision. If the holder of a policy in the celibacy is still unmarried at 40, she is considered immune and gets a life annuity. If she marries before 40, she forfeits her policy and premiums. In Sweden and Norway there are several old maids' homes, and at least one of them is a most attractive institution. A very wealthy man, dying more than 200 years ago, left most of his fortune to the old maids among his descendants.

A superb home was built and furnished and managed by salaried trustees. Any old maid who can prove blood relationship to the founder of the institution is entitled to a place in the home. She has a private suit of rooms, a private servant, private meals and is subject to no rules save such as ordinary good behavior demand.

Unnecessary Particulars.

An old woman of undeniable Celtic origin entered a provincial savings bank the other day walked up to the desk.

"Do you want to withdraw or deposit?" asked the clerk.

"Naw Oi doant. Oi wants to put some in," was the reply.

The clerk pushed up the book for her signature, and, indicating the place, said: "Sign on this line, please."

"Above it or below it?"

"Just above it."

"Me whole name?"

"Yes."

"Before Oi was married?"

"No, just as it is now."

"Oi can't write."—London King.

The Problem of City Travel.

Experience leads to the belief that every green city will have always a centre of "centres" to which the great tide of city travel will ebb and flow. The city railreader, in all probability, will have this problem to meet in 1910 and 1920 no less than in 1901 and in greater degree. Unless double-decked streets or aerial navigation come to his relief, the problem of carrying the people will continue to give the liveliest exercise to his intellectuals.—Western Electrician.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is as much in favor as ever. It is unquestionably the most remarkable remedy ever produced for the cure of throat and lung affections. It has cured thousands, and has done wonders in many cases of incipient consumption.—Price, 25 cts.

"What makes that Dook so haughty?"

"He is proud of his ancestors."

"I see. And I suppose it never once occurred to him that his ancestors might be more or less ashamed of him."

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

"We haven't had much winter weather yet." "Never mind, it's waiting for the peach crop to come along."—Chicago Record.

We think we can cure a bad case of Backache quicker with one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters, than by any other application, and after the Backache is cured, you can still wear the plaster without discomfort for two or three weeks, or longer. This combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna is a great hit, and it is hard to find any pain or ache that will not yield to it. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

We understand the intellect a hundred times better by the heart than by the intelligence. —Tissot.

Avoid all drying inhalants and use that which cleanses and heals the membrane. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and cures Catarrh easily and pleasantly. Cold in the head vanishes quickly. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail.

Catarrh caused difficulty in speaking and to a great extent loss of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Att'y at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

How some people do hate to be mistaken.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

The average woman can run up a bill without in the least getting out of breath about it.

Mrs. Chas. Smith of James, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

It is better to believe everything you hear than to believe nothing.

A women who is weak, nervous, sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Two young ladies were conversing with an Irishman, when one of them asked:

"Pat, which of us do you think is the oldest?"

"Faith," replied the gallant son of Erin, "you both look younger than each other."

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Will prove its superiority over all other Lehigh Coals when you test it in your Greenhouse or Furnace. You don't get up in the morning and find furnace or stove has consumed all its contents. It will burn longer, without clinkering, than any other coal in this market. Lorberry, Lykens Valley and Pittson White and Red Ash Coals always in stock.

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In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, May 18, 1901.

NOTES.

THE COOKES OF RHODE ISLAND DESCENDANTS OF WALTER COOKE OF WEYMOUTH, MASS. 1643–1870.

BY H. RUTH COOKE.

XIII.

Deacon David Cooke (38) married, Feb. 3, 1743, Hannah Ballou, dau. of Nathaniel, b. Ap. 9, 1687, and Mary (Lovett) Ballou, son of James[2] (Maturin and Hannah (Pike) Ballou). David died Oct. 24, 1790, (Dorcas Cooke's records). Deacon David was an Anabaptist and Quaker; lived in Bellingham, Mass., yeoman; made his will Aug. 1, 1785, being advanced in age. Will was probated Dec. 7, 1790, at Medfield, Mass.

Josiah Cooke, Abraham Cooke and Hezekiah Cooke to have $40 each; Martha Cooke, a minor, dau. of Benjamin] Cooke, to have $40; David Aldrich to have $40; Sarah Pickering, wife of Samuel Pickering, Noah Ballou and Martha Cooke, above named, to have all moveables, to be equally divided; Nathan Freeman all wearing apparel; Noah Ballou, sole executor (Noah was David's brother-in-law.)

his
David X Cooke
mark
and a seal.

Witnesses.
Laban Aldrich.
Amey Aldrich.
Stephen Metcalf.

Receipts on records follow: Dec. 20, 1790, Nathan Freeman; Dec. 12, 1791, Abraham Cooke; Jan., 1792, Arthur Cooke; Ap. 2, 1792, Benjamin Cooke, for his dau. Martha; Sept. 8, 1792, Rufus Cooke; April 16, 1791, David Cooke; Dec. 2, 1791, Hezekiah Cooke; March 12, 1792, Samuel Pickering (Cumberland), who married, Feb. 2, 1759, Sarah Ballou, sister of Deacon David's wife Hannah, whose brothers and sisters were:

I. Ruth Ballou, b. Jan. 3, 1720; md., Dec. 11, 1740, Stephen Brown.

II. Amaziah Ballou, b. Feb. 27, 1722, md. (1) Keziah Cooke; (2) Mary Gray.

III. Noah Ballou, b. Aug. 31, 1728; md. (1) Alyce Page; md. (2) Abigail Cooke. Noah was sole executor to Deacon David Cooke's will, whose wife Abigail was sister to David.

IV. Stephen Ballou, b. Mar. 18, 1731; md. (1) Mehitable Cooke (No. 88.) md. (2) Anna Metcalf.

V. Sarah Ballou, married Samuel Pickering, mentioned in above will.

VI. Mary Ballou died unmarried.

Arthur Cooke (probably nephew to David), son of Noah; Joshua brother to David Cooke; Abraham, son of Josiah and nephew to David; Hezekiah not placed, nor Rufus, both asked for; David son of Daniel, hence nephew to David who made this will.

Noah[4] Cooke (40) md. first Keziah Albee (see Albee aforesaid), born Ap. 4, 1713, dau. of John Albee and Deborah (Thayer), son of James Albee and Hannah Cooke, No. 3.

Noah, md. (2) Olive Gaskill; he died 1771. He lived in what is now Blackstone, R. I. Olive, a widow, married, in 1776, Daniel Wilcox of Cumberland, R. I.

Worcester Probate Record, Case No. I, 3368. Estate of Noah Cooke of Mendon, yeoman. Olive Cooke, widow, administratrix, May 20, 1771. Peter Wheelock and Benjamin Merrian, bondsmen. Inventory taken by James Sumner, Joseph Allen, David Daniels, filed June 15, 1772; amount £512. 4. 5. Division Ap. 12, 1775. Land awarded to widow and to Ichabod Cooke, who is to pay £31. 16. 4 each to the following: Heirs of Hannah Thompson, deceased; Abigail Cooke; Arthur Cooke; Eseck Cooke; Oliver Cooke; Noah Cooke; Keziah Cooke; their guardians or legal representatives; all brothers or sisters of said Ichabod Cooke.

Division of widow's dower, Dec. 19, 1815, of shares of $165 88 each: Ichabod Cooke, eldest son, 2 shares; Arthur Cooke, second son, does not sign; Eseck Cooke, third son; Noah Cooke, youngest son; the heirs of Hannah Thompson, deceased, late wife of Edward Thompson, she eldest daughter; Hannah Verry and Nathan Verry sign, children of Hannah Thompson, who married Nathan Verry, grand children of this Hannah Cooke, who married Edward Thompson; the heirs of Abigail Cooke, late wife of Benjamin Cooke, second daughter; Pattie Grant, Rhoda Grant, Anna Rhodes, John Rhodes and Benjamin Cooke, guardian of Benjamin Turner; Olive Gaskill, wife of Samuel Gaskill, third daughter; Keziah Allen, wife of Ahaz Allen, youngest daughter; division made by Frederick Taft, Johnson Legg, Asa Kelley.

Worcester Co. Probate Records, Vol. 29, p. 307. Agreement of Mar. 29, 1735, recorded May 15, 1751, to divide land between David Cooke and Noah Cooke, both of Bellingham, "whereas we have received by deed from our honored father, Nicholas Cooke, late of Bellingham, deceased," deed of Feb. 23, 1729–30. "Deed doth contain the homestead farm of our aforesaid honored father, lying part in Bellingham, and part in Mendon."

Children of Noah and Keziah were:

108. Hannah[4] Cooke, b. Sept. 28, 1740; md. Edward Thompson.

109. Susannah Cooke, b. Feb. 26, 1742; may have died young.

110. Abigail Cooke, b. Mar. 18, 1753; md. Benjamin Cooke.

111. Ichabod Cooke, b. ——, md. Cerusa Cooke.

Children of Noah and 2d. wife Olive were:

112. Arthur Cooke, b. Nov. 30, 1760.

113. Eseck Cooke, and 114, Lucretia Cooke, twins, b. Jan. 8, 1763.

115. Olive Cooke, b. ——, md. Samuel Gaskill.

116. Noah Cooke, and 117, Keziah Cooke, twins, b. Ap. 1, 1767; Keziah md. Ahaz Allen.

Four children are missing, since Noah and Keziah had fourteen children, whom I trust some one will supply.

Mary[4] Cooke (55) md. at Smithfield, R. I., March 26, 1739, Benjamin Cooke (No. 84). Mary was born at Uxbridge, Mass., Jan. 29, 1718.

Children, recorded at Smithfield, were:

118. Aaron[5] Cooke, b. Ap. 19, 1740; probably d. y.

119. Annie[5] Cooke, b. July 4, 1744, was an heir to her grandfather, Jonathan Cooke, No. 11, and her father, Benjamin Cooke, was made her guardian.

Naomi Cooke (56), b. Oct. 26, 1721, md. Benjamin White, of Uxbridge, Mass.

Children were:

120. Levi White, b. Jan. 20, 1744.
121. Paul White, b. Sept. 18, 1746.
122. Molly White, b. Feb. 19, 1748.
123. Jonathan White, b. Oct. 30, 1752.
124. Gideon White, b. Oct. 18, 1755.
125. Bethany White, b. Aug. 2, 1760.
126. Hepsibah White, and 127, Beulah White, twins, b. Mar. 6, 1762.

Mehitable Cooke (58) married, 1750, Paul Taft, of Uxbridge, Mass.

Robert[2], Joseph[2] and Benjamin[2] Taft, sons of Robert[1] Taft, of Braintree, and wife Sarah, went to Uxbridge, as their father settled each on a farm, saw them married and with families, before his death, in 1725; later they had mills given them, so that hardly a mill, in the limits of Uxbridge, was not at some time owned by one of the Tafts. Thomas and Daniel Taft, the other sons of the first Robert, had farms given them. Daniel was Town Treasurer of Meadon. All the five sons, born in Braintree, went to Mendon, at the reconstruction of that town, after it was destroyed by Indians. Robert, the father, was chosen a Selectman. In 1695, his sons were paying rates and taking part in division of lands. After this, some of the Tafts were in Bellingham and Upton. At Uxbridge. Moses Taft was Town Clerk from 1757 to 1766, and Bezaleel Taft was Town Clerk, 1778, 1782, 1783 and 1786.

The children of Paul and Mehitable Taft were:

128. Margaret Taft, b. Nov. 14, 1751.

129. Catherine Taft, b. Feb. 26, 1753.

130. Prudence Taft, b. Nov. 10, 1756.

131. Mary Taft, and 132, Mercy Taft, twins b. June 26, 1763.

Another Uxbridge, Mass., Taft was Israel Taft (Israel[3] and Martha), who married Mary Aldrich; they were first of Mendon, where the two first children were born. The children were:

(a) Margery Taft, b. May 14, 1730.
(b) Stephen Taft, b. Aug. 21, 1734; d. y.
(c) Samuel Taft, b. Sept. 23, 1735.
(d) Mary Taft, b. Jan. 23, 1737.
(e) Silas Taft, b. Dec. 17, 1739; d. y.
(f) Stephen Taft, b. April 1, 1741.
(g) Rachel Taft, b. July 1, 1742.
(h) Silas Taft, b. Nov. 22, 1744.
(i) Amaziah Taft, b. April 10, 1746.

Jonathan[4] Cooke (61) married at Uxbridge, Mass., Oct. 22, 1763, Lydia Aldrich. Their child probably was.

133. Abigail[5] Cooke, married, Nov. 7, 1788, Lemuel Scott, son of John. He married, second, Joanna Brown, Nov. 1, 1798. He married, third, Chloe Daniels, Jan. 6, 1815. He died July 2, 1843, aged 80. His children were:

Rachel Scott, b. Mar. 5, 1790.
Laurana Scott, b. Dec. 30, 1792.
Lemuel Scott, b. 1794.
John Scott, b. Mar. 6, 1797.
Abigail Scott, b. Feb. 21, 1801.
Abram Scott, b. Nov. 2, 1801.

Elijah[4] Cooke (63) married, July 1, 1739, at Smithfield, R. I., Joanna Bates; and her sister, Elizabeth Bates, married Peter Cooke, No. 92, first cousin to Elijah, as their respective fathers, Samuel and Nicholas, were brothers, sons of Walter Cooke. And if Peter was also married in 1739, as stated by three great grandchildren living in 1900, it might be reasonable to suppose that there was a double wedding, on July 1, 1739. The descendants known to the writer were great sticklers for everything to be commenced on the first day of the month, which may have been inherited from these marriages on the first day of July. The children born in Smithfield, R. I., were:

134. Eunice[5] Cooke, b. Jan. 16, 1739; md. Nov. 5, 1751, William Sly. Her uncle, Elisha Cooke, married Sarah Sly, as see below.

135. Martha[5] Cooke, b. Sept. 16, 1741.

136. Silvanus[5] Cooke, b. Feb. 10, 1743, md., June 9, 1768, Martha Hopkins, dau. of Elisha Hopkins, and lived in Glocester, R. I. (See R. I. Vital Statistics, Vol. III. p. 13.)

137. Gideon[5] Cooke, b. July 10, 1745; md. Jean (Jane) Aldrich, Mar. 28, 1771.

138. Elijah[5] Cooke, b. Jan. 11, 1750, md., Oct. 13, 1773, Freelove Ballou, dau. of Peter.

139. Joanna[5] Cooke, b. Nov. 16, 1759.

140. Benjamin[5] Cooke, b. Ap. 10, 1761.

Elisha[4] Cooke (65) married by David Comstock, Justice, to Sarah Sly, Jan. 27, 1742.

Children:

141. Stephen[5] Cooke.
142. Israel[5] Cooke, b. July 31, 1747.
143. Phebe[5] Cooke, b., Glocester, R. I., Feb. 15, 1748.

(To be continued.)

REYNOLDS—Many of the Reynolds family in Rhode Island and other states entertain the erroneous opinion that Wm. Reynolds (who with Roger Williams and others located in Providence in 1636) was their progenitor; also Susannah was the wife of his son Joseph, of James, who was born 1692; also that Peter who died in North Kingstown, (at now Davisville) 1760, was the son of a James, all of which is untrue. All research for proofs that say Wm. Reynolds was our progenitor have been fruitless. Not so with James[1]. Savage in his genealogical publication refers to him as having settled in Rhode Island with his family, including seven sons. This is corroborated by James' will, probated 1702, in which the seven sons are mentioned, and also by an unbroken line of descent for more than two hundred years to this day (1901).

Regarding the error as to Joseph which is widely circulated and believed: In 1712, Joseph, 1652, conveyed to his son John certain real estate. In 1718, said John gave bond to support and provide for his father and now mother-in-law Mercy during life. Susannah's children are on record; her son John was born 1706, and in 1722, at the death of his father, Robert Spencer was appointed his guardian, reporting John as 17 years old, which shows the futility of the claim that Susannah was the wife of Joseph, born 1652. There are other reasons that show it equally forcibly. That Peter was not the son of James, but was the son of Francis of James, was surely shown by our public records.—J. J. R.

PRICE WONDERS.

Our buying this spring has been enormous, greater than Newport has ever known before. Things were so pretty 'twas hard to stop, when we did even. Over-stocked! Might be in some places, but not here, where all the benefits of large buying are chopped off regardless. It's your pocket book we want to please, and that's the way we do it.

Furniture of Every Description.

For the parlor, the bedroom, the dining-room, the kitchen, in fact, for every room in the house. Nice, clean spring goods. Styles that fairly make your mouth water. Don't feel timid about coming in to look. Nothing we like better than to show our store to visitors. They'll know where to go to buy when the need comes.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225–229 THAMES STREET.

QUERIES.

1961. GIFFORD—Who was the wife of William Gifford, as I understand it, first in this country?

Who was the wife of Jonathan Gifford? My notes say that his son married——Wing, and came to Falmouth.

Who was the wife of Silas Gifford, his son, born 1656, died 1887?

Who was Lydia, wife of Jonathan, his son, born 1680, died 1737?

Who was the wife of Silas Gifford, born 1716, died 1800, moved to Dartmouth?

Who were the parents and ancestors of Deborah Macomber, born 1746, died 1801, married Jonathan Gifford, born 1742, died 1815? They had a son, Silas Gifford, born 1770, died 1855, went to Easton, Washington County, New York, married in Easton, 1795, Elizabeth Robinson, and moved to Greenfield, Saratoga County, New York. Elizabeth Robinson was born 1777, died 1813, daughter of Elihu Robinson and Sarah——, his wife, married 1738. I would like their ancestry.—M. L. T. A.

1962. HEATH, COLLIGAN, NAFF—I am very anxious to learn something of the Heath family of Virginia, and would be glad to correspond with any one on the subject. I am in search of a Miss Heath, who married a Mr. Colligan (dates are wanting), and who had a daughter Mary Colligan, who married Hause Naff, of Delaware. Mary (Colligan) Naff had an aunt "Peggy" (or Margaret) Heath, and this said Mary was a cousin of Colonel Henry Heath of Revolutionary fame, who was in some way connected with Washington's Army.

I hope some one may be able to enlighten me on the Heath, Colligan and Naff families.—C. P. D.

1963. CRANSTON—Samuel Cranston, of Jamestown and later of Newport, R. I., married Elizabeth Chapman, probably of Newport. Can any one tell me who she was? They were married by Gardner Thurston, November 24, 1767. They had the following children: John; William; Deborah; Abigail, died April 5, 1774, aged 2 years, 1 month; Mary; Phebe; Abigail, born August 5, 1774, married Solomon Gladding. Can any one tell me what became of Deborah? Was she born in 1770, and did she marry Major William Helme, of Newport? A Deborah Cranston was married to William Helme, Jan. 15, 1759. Has any one a Mercury of that date? Deborah (Cranston) Helme died April 17, 1808, aged 38 years and is buried in the Common Ground at Newport. William Helme died August 28, 1809, having married for the second time, December 27, 1808, Fanny Potter. Samuel Cranston died in Newport, April 18, 1824, aged 78 years, but I find no will or mention of administration of his estate. During his life he deeded several lots of land. Did he live somewhere else before his death, and is there a will anywhere?—E. M. T.

1964. COOKE—Can H. Ruth Cooke or any one else tell the ancestry of Alice Cooke who first married a Whiting, and after his death married secondly 9 May 1701 Rev. Timothy Stevens, b. 28 Jan 1668 at Newberry(?) Mass. and who died at Glastonburg, Conn 17 Apl 1726?—S.

ANSWERS.

1851. MACUMBER—Ephraim Macomber was born in Tiverton, R. I., March 5, 1749–50, son of Benjamin Macomber, born September 1, 1705. Arnold's Vital Statistics say son of Benjamin and Sarah, while the marriages say that Benjamin married Rejoice Brownell, married by Job Almy, May 25, 1730, a first child, Lydia, born in 1731. Under the head of Births, Sarah, the mother, is born September 23, 1715, but I find no Sarah Brownell of that age; but I do find a Rejoice, born July 29, 1707, daughter of William Brownell, born 1682, and Lydia his wife. Arnold, in copying the records, copied Otis Wilbour's copy of the originals, and in some cases copied additions put in later. Otis Wilbour added from his own knowledge, or supposed knowledge, and made many mistakes and in copying copied his additions and corrections as if they were part of the original. Some time I will ask the MERCURY to print my corrections as I have proved them by records, etc Benjamin and Rejoice or Sarah had Lydia, September, 1731. I can not just now tell who were the parents of Benjamin. Now the record reads—Ephraim Macomber, of Benjamin and Sarah, and Patience Fish, married by Rev. David Rounds, September 20, 1767. According to the printed records they had Sarah, Comfort, Eber, Joseph, Ann, Ephraim, Jesse, Richard, John, Patience, Deliverance, Benjamin and Peace. I think Eber is misread, and should be Else. You could definitely determine that by writing to Mr. Hambly, town clerk of Tiverton, and asking him to examine the oldest records for this, not any copy. I believe there are Macombers still in Tiverton. Where is the Crandall place? Is it on the road leading to Little Compton? A Thomas Fish, probably a brother, has an Else Fish. Now I wish to ask you further of William Macomber. Where did P. D. H. find that he came from Inverness, Scotland, and do you think he went to Dartmouth? I think you will find that he died in Marshfield, and had quite a family of children, that Thomas stayed in Marshfield, John went to Taunton, and William, Jr., to Dartmouth.

I have a great deal about the Taunton Macombers, wills, etc., and while in New Bedford I copied some items from Dartmouth records. Pierce's Genealogical Collections have a good deal about Macombers, but not of Dartmouth, if I remember rightly. I send some extracts from Dartmouth records. I meant to get all the earlier ones, but may have overlooked some.

Children of William Macomber, Jr.: Matthew, Dec. 19, 1698; Joseph, April 23, 1700; William, March 29, 1702; Hannah, November 8, 1703; Elizabeth, September 4, 1705; Samuel, July 8, 1707; Sarah, March 13, 1709; Timothy, October 8, 1711; Ruth, October 28, 1714; Margaret, February 16, 1719–20. William Macomber, Jr., and Lydia, his wife, had Abiel, October 3, 1729, Lydia, August 23, 1732.

Children of John Macomber: Philip, 1712; Marcy, 1714; Mary, 1715; Abial, 1717; John, 1719–20; William, 1721–2. The record changes. I think his first wife died, and it reads: Job, son of John Macomber and Bethiah, his wife, February 13, 1723–4. I think Bethiah was a second wife. No wife mentioned before, simply children of John Macomber.

Nathaniel Soule and Hannah Macomber, both of Dartmouth, February 13, 1732–3.

Timothy Macomber, of Dartmouth, and Elizabeth Rogers, of Hanover, October 21, 1738.

Oliver Davenport and Sarah Macomber, of Dartmouth, March 21, 1740.

John Macomber (son John) and Susanna Hix, both of Dartmouth, December 28, 1744.

William, son of John and Susanna, 1745, and then to 1752, Phebe, Abner, Sarah and Pardon.

Children of Joseph Macomber and Mary: Sarah, March 2, 1725; Mary, January 15, 1726–7; Joannah, December 4, 1728; Joseph, September 26, 1730.

I am sending much that can be of no interest to you, but may be a help to other readers of the MERCURY. We find on Tiverton records, Matthew Macomber and Elizabeth Manchester, married 1725, and Mary and William Cary, March 24, 1738–9, and others later. What children did Ephraim have? Whom did they marry and did they stay in Tiverton? Will you not send me a copy of his pension describing his service? M. L. T. A.

The Newport delegation to the reunion of the Association Beneficial of St. Michael went to Providence on steamer Herman S. Caswell last Sunday, leaving here at 7 a. m. The delegation was accompanied by the Newport Military Band. The Association, which is a Portuguese society, made a street parade and attended Mass in Providence, after which dinner was served in Monahan's Hall. The local members returned to this city at about 8:30 p. m.

It is better to believe everything you hear than to believe nothing.

NOTICE.

I have removed my ROOTS AND HERBS DISPENSARY and residence to 18 Farewell street.
B. W. PEARCE.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Notice of Applications —FOR— Liquor Licenses.

AT THE MEETING of the board of Police Commissioners of the city of Newport, held Friday, April 26, 1901, the following-named persons made applications for liquor licenses under the provision of Chapter 102 of the General Laws of Rhode Island, to sell pure, spirituous, intoxicating and malt liquors within the limits of the city, namely:

SECOND CLASS.

Cornelius J. Sullivan, 462 Thames street.

The Board of Police Commissioners will be in session at their office, City Hall Building, on Friday, May 17, at 8 p. m., when opportunity will be given for remonstrants to be heard before acting upon said applications.

All bonds must be filed at least three days before the hearing, as no application will be acted upon until the bond has been approved.

Published by order of the Police Commissioners.

GEO. H. VAUGHAN, Clerk.
5-18-1w

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 13th day of May, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Edith Evelyn Smith, of Narragansett Pier, R. I., presented this day, praying that she, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Guardian of the person and estate of

CHARLES TALBOT SMITH,

who is represented in said petition as a minor under the age of fourteen years, resident of Narragansett Pier, R. I.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 3d day of June, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.
5-18

Office of the Probate Clerk of the City of Newport in Rhode Island, May 11th, A. D. 1901.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, of said Newport, by his Attorney, Frank F. Nolan, having this day filed in this office a petition in writing to the Court of Probate of said Newport, praying that letters of administration on the estate of

JOHANNA O'CONNELL,

late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, may be granted to him or some other suitable person, and said petitioner having applied to me to give notice thereof by advertising in the *Newport Mercury*.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that said petition will be considered at the Court of Probate to be holden on Monday the 3d day of June, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall in said Newport.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.
5-18

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, May 6th, 1901.

Estate of Mariam Littlefield.

REQUEST in writing is made by Lymon Littlefield, A. C. Littlefield and H. K. Littlefield, the next of kin of Mariam Littlefield, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that Henry K. Littlefield, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 3d day of June, 1901, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
5-18-3w

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate of Newport, R. I., Executrix of the last will and testament of PHILIP S. TAGGART, late of said Newport, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, requests all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to present them to her, or file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to

CHARLOTTE A. TAGGART, Executrix.
Newport, R. I., May 11th, 1901—5-11

Town of New Shoreham.

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

AT A MEETING of the Town Council of the town of New Shoreham, holden May 6th, 1901, the following named persons made application for liquor licenses of the second class, under the provisions of Chapter 102, of the General Laws of Rhode Island, and any acts in amendment thereof and in addition thereto, to sell pure, spirituous, intoxicating and malt liquors within the limits of said town, viz:

SONTAG, EMILE—East side of Ocean avenue, at the northern terminus.

CUNDALL, FRANK C.—Ocean View Hotel.

The Town Council of said New Shoreham will be in session at the Town Hall, in said town, on the 3d day of June, A. D. 1901, at 2 o'clock p. m., when opportunity will be given for remonstrances to be heard before acting upon said applications or of granting licenses under them.

Published by order of the Town Council of New Shoreham.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Council Clerk.
5-18-3w

NEW CARPETS.

Just received a large stock of

New Carpets,
Oil Cloths, Linoleums,
WALL PAPERS,
Window Shades, &c.,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

W. C. Cozzens & Co.,

138 THAMES STREET.

For Rent.

Good rooms in the MERCURY Building, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given April 1st.
Enquire at the MERCURY OFFICE.

Furnished Cottages

on various parts of the Island

FOR RENT.

Apply to H. S. MILLIKIN, Block Island, R. I.
6-30-tf

TOWN OF MIDDLETOWN.

TOWN TAX AND POLL TAX FOR 1901

Assessors' Notice

MIDDLETOWN, R. I., April 27, 1901.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Assessors of Taxes in and for the Town of Middletown, in the State of Rhode Island, &c., duly elected thereto and sworn, hereby give notice, that for the purpose of assessing the town tax ordered at the annual Town meeting held in said Middletown, on the third day of April, A. D. 1901, and of assessing the poll tax for the current year A. D. 1901, as provided in Chapter 47 of the General Laws of this State, they will meet at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on

Wednesday, the 22nd Day of May next, A. D. 1901,

on Thursday, the twenty-third, and on Friday, the twenty-fourth days of said month of May, and will be in session on each of said days, from nine o'clock a. m., until four o'clock p. m., to make and complete the assessment of the two taxes hereinbefore mentioned and fix a valuation on the ratable property of said Town.

And all persons and corporations liable to taxation in said Middletown are hereby notified and required to bring in to the undersigned, assessors as aforesaid, a true and exact account of all their ratable estate, describing and specifying the value of every parcel of their real and personal estate, and to make oath to the truth of said account before the undersigned, assessors as aforesaid. And who ever neglects or refuses to bring in such account, if overtaxed, shall have no remedy therefor, as provided by law. Every male person above the age of twenty years, who pays no property tax, or property tax less than one dollar, and who if registered would be qualified to vote, is liable to the assessment of a poll tax of one dollar, or so much thereof as with the other taxes assessed against said person shall amount to one dollar.

JOHN H. SPOONER,
STEPHEN B. CONGDON,
HERMAN F. PECKHAM,
JAMES H. BARKER,
ISAAC LINCOLN SHERMAN,
Assessors of Taxes
4-27-4w

No. 1565.

REPORT

OF the condition of THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK, at Newport in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, April 24, 1901.

RESOURCES.		DOLLARS
Loans and discounts		$224,956 83
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		2,076 75
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000 00
Stocks, securities, etc.		113,474 71
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		13,400 00
Due from approved reserve agents		43,418 25
Checks and other cash items		2,119 23
Exchanges for clearing-house		474 78
Notes of other National Banks		445 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		735 72
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	23,021 45	
Legal-tender notes	7,470 00	30,591 45
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per ct. of circulation)		5,000 00
Total		$531,090 92

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	$100,000 00
Surplus fund	40,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	22,590 10
National Bank notes outstanding	99,500 00
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	87,194 81
Due to approved reserve agents,	1,258 95
Individual deposits subject to check	181,266 31
Demand certificates of deposit	416 22
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed,	50,000 00
Total	$531,090 92

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of May, A. D. 1901.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Perry G. Case, Gardiner B. Reynolds, Edw. S. Peckham, Directors.

No. 1492.

REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, April 24, 1901.

RESOURCES.		DOLLARS
Loans and discounts		$291,135 52
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		519 00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		110,000 00
Stocks, securities, etc.		51,500 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		6,500 00
Due from State Banks and Bankers		2,621 46
Due from approved reserve agents		107,252 00
Checks and other cash items		1,268 00
Notes of other National Banks		1,550 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		596 01
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	12,270 50	
Legal-tender notes	15,625 00	27,895 50
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per ct. of circulation)		5,500 00
Total		$605,611 72

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	120,000 00
Surplus fund	50,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	41,875 56
National Bank notes outstanding	101,180 00
Due to other National Banks	5,343 11
Dividends unpaid	855 00
Individual deposits subject to check	281,883 25
Certified checks	240 00
Cashier's checks outstanding	263 87
Total	$605,611 72

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, Henry C. Stevens, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of May, 1901.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Henry Bull, Jr., Albert K. Sherman, G. P. Taylor, Directors.

No. 1021.

REPORT

OF the condition of the FIRST NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, Wednesday, April 24, 1901.

RESOURCES.		DOLLARS
Loans and discounts		$250,0[illegible] 17
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		120,000 00
U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. deposits		50,000 00
Stocks, securities, etc.		13,500 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		13,000 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)		1,243 00
Due from approved reserve agents		43,606 34
Checks and other cash items		100 12
Notes of other National Banks		1,806 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		22 31
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	1,330 00	
Legal-tender notes	8,753 00	10,083 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)		6,000 00
Total		$510,721 38

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	120,000 00
Surplus fund	60,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	32,611 63
National Bank notes outstanding	111,200 00
Due to Savings Banks	19,2[illegible]
Dividends unpaid	25 00
Individual deposits subject to check	115,01[illegible]
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,519 [illegible]
U. S. Deposits	45,031 [illegible]
Deposits of U. S. disbursing officers	4,113 [illegible]
Total	$510,721 38

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, Nath'l R. Swinburne, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

NATH'L R. SWINBURNE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of May, 1901.

JOHN C. BURKE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: J. Goodwin Hobbs, T. Mumford Seabury, John S. Langley, Directors.